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The Outlook is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK, November 23, 1927. Volume 147, Number 12. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and December 1, 1926, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by The Outlook Company.

From Publisher—To You

THE most amusing thing in this issue, according to our mind, is "Mr. Merritt Takes a Day Off." As a rule, political reporters are required to write at endless length on subjects which are extremely intangible but which nevertheless must be buttressed with cold statistics and hard facts. Mr. Merritt has been doing this for The Outlook recently in his endeavor to find out what the South thinks of Al Smith.

THE other day, however, in the midst of his trip he was suddenly overcome by the conviction that it is impossible to set anybody straight about anything, anywhere, at any time. He has set forth his candid and extremely gloomy fears on this subject in the present article, which provides very entertaining reading.

INTEREST in Miss Millay's article "Fear," published two weeks ago, has prompted us to print in this issue Professor Jastrow's very intelligent evaluation of us and our prejudices, based on the letters we have received.

THE majority of our readers probably know already that Professor Jastrow is one of the most distinguished and widely known American psychologists. He is the author of many books on the subject, has occupied the chair of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin since 1888, and is as well a lecturer in the New School for Social Research. In effect, his article presents an intellectual view of the subject Miss Millay treated from a poet's standpoint.

MAY we say just a word here about the new Book Service which is announced on another page? It has always been The Outlook's wish to be of the utmost personal service to its subscribers. Our Travel Bureau and our Classified Department have hitherto been evidences of this wish.

IN offering our new Book Service just before Christmas we are following that policy further. We wish you would read the announcement on page 377 and take advantage of the offer made there in selecting your Christmas gifts. Like the Travel Bureau, there is no charge. We have a very intelligent literary department. There is no reason why you should not benefit from it.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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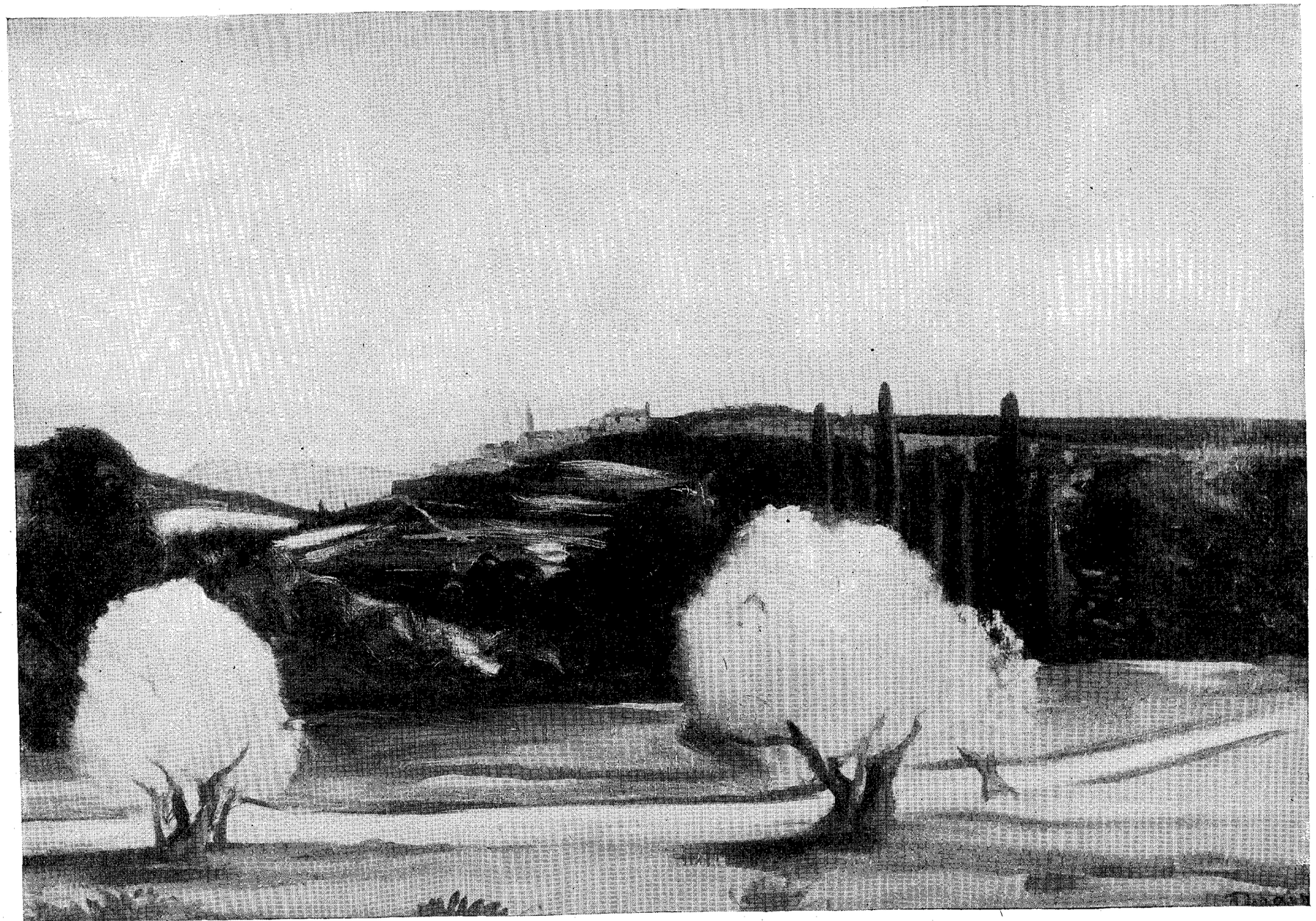

Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries, New York

LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE
By Derain

From Ruysdael to Constable to Corot is the line of descent in this romantic landscape by a French painter, one of the greatest exponents of the new expression in painting. Modern in spirit, it still pays sober and honest tribute to the classic tradition

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The Outlook

Volume 147 November 23, 1927 Number 12

THE WEEK

The Pittsburgh Explosion

IF it be true, as seems probable, that the Pittsburgh disaster was caused by the use of a blow torch in repairing a tank next that which exploded, the flame being carried through a connecting pipe, then it is only one more example of the vast tragedy that may result from human careless or lack of perception and of the constant need of skilled inspection at all danger points.

Whatever the cause, the tragedy was devastating. The gigantic holder of natural-gas reserves laid in ruins a district of tenements for blocks around; 25 or more killed; perhaps 500 injured; $5,000,000 worth of property destroyed —such are the bare facts as they appear the day after the calamity. The suffering, terror, panic, and despair caused cannot be put into statistics.

This was the largest natural-gas tank in the world. It had a cubic capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet. It stood over 200 feet high. It went up, witnesses say, for a great height like an enormous balloon, and burst into flames, "a gigantic ball of fire against the sky."

A city built on a volcano cannot move the volcano, but a city need not let an artificial volcano be built in its midst.

New England's Need

IT was Vermont that bore the heaviest attack of New England's flood devastation, and it was to Vermont that President Coolidge sent Attorney-General Sargent, like himself, a native of the Green Mountain State, to study how best relief might be afforded and preventive methods taken for the future.

It is believed that Federal aid will be needed, for in Vermont alone transportation by highroads and railways and over bridges has been so crippled that it may take not far from a million dollars to make them passable. Governor Weeks, of Vermont, is confirmed by the Red Cross when he states that the need, not for charity, but for rehabilitation, is pressing. In some places farms have been abandoned because they are flooded or lie half buried by rocks and débris. That Congress will recognize the need and deal with the New England flood situation and the Mississippi Valley situation with equal liberality and an equally long view to the future cannot be doubted.

It is interesting to note that one sequel of the New England emergency was the establishing by the Postmaster-General of airplane mail service between Concord, New Hampshire, Montpelier, and Burlington.

Not alone tributaries of the Connecticut River, but the streams of other watersheds, such as the Winooski, Mud River, Westfield River, and others, overflowed their banks, broke down dams, and caused havoc. The situation was not that of one great disaster, but of many comparatively local disasters, so that the work of both relief and reparation must be carried on here, there, and all but everywhere. Winter is coming and at mid-November there were still towns so isolated that they could be reached only afoot or by airplane; about 7,500 people in the four States injured are receiving Red Cross assistance.

Yankee thrift and resource are proverbial; New England's people are independent; all the more, therefore, they deserve and must have friendly help.

Where the War Ended

ON Armistice Day a little ceremony was held in the Forest of Compiègne, where just nine years before the war ended. In an ordinary car of the Wagon-Lit Company, a halt was called to the business which had been devastating half a continent.

For some time this Armistice Car had stood in the great courtyard of the Invalides in Paris, in the shadow of the tomb of Napoleon, amid the relics of many a war, and viewed weekly by hundreds of sightseers. But the weather was rapidly destroying it, and in the quandary which arose it was an American, Mr. Arthur D. Fleming, of Pasadena, California, who came to the rescue. Learning of the difficulty, Mr. Fleming, who is President of the Board of Trustees of the California Institute of Technology, contributed the money with which a concrete shelter has been built at "the crossroads of the Armistice." Now the car stands just where it was when Marshal Foch and Herr Erzberger ended the war at five o'clock one autumn morning in 1918.

At the recent ceremony of inauguration, M. Fournier Sarloveze, Mayor of Compiègne, presided, and M. Painlevé, Minister of War, Marshal Foch, and the American Club of Paris attended. A drive through the Compiègne country is still an utterly depressing affair, for much as reconstruction has progressed, the section is still full of completely shell-torn houses and churches.

In recognition of the generous gift, President Doumergue has made Mr. Fleming a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

In this era of transportation could there be a more fitting emblem of the restoration of normal relations after war than a railway car?

King Automobile

THE industrial kingship of the automobile was never more dramatically illustrated than by the ceremonies and popular demonstration at the official opening, on Saturday November 12, of the Holland Vehicular Tunnel, which connects New York City with Jersey City under the Hudson River. President Coolidge, pressing a golden telegraph key in Washington, excited the electric current that drew aside the flags which curtained the tunnel's eastern and

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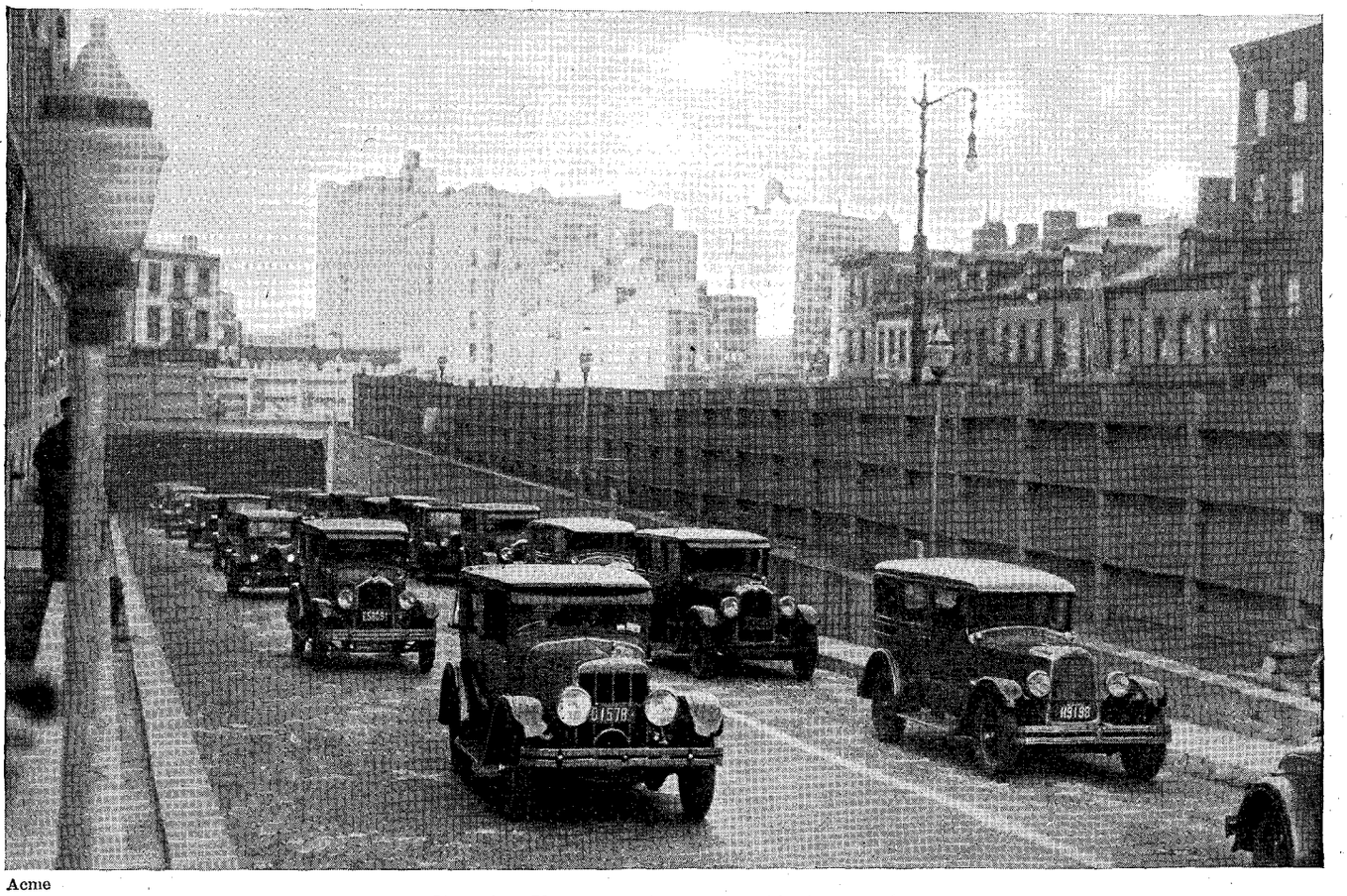

Acme

The New York exit of the new vehicular tunnel

western entrances. The excited electric current communicated its vitality and briskness to waiting thousands who availed themselves of the opportunity offered them of walking through the white-tiled, perfectly ventilated, and electrically lighted tubes before the never-to-end procession of automobiles began streaming through.

On the first day of its public existence between forty and fifty thousand motor cars passed through the tunnel, carrying about 180,000 passengers, without a mishap.

The tunnel, nearly two miles long, is a result of the demands of mtotorists for rapid transit. But even the tunnel, a remarkable feat of engineering, will not satisfy the needs of King Automobile. For his comfort the Hudson is to be bridged by the hugest suspension span in the world at a point not very far north of the Holland Tunnel. The newspapers announce that a little morsel of 50,000 tons of steel is already in progress of fabrication for the bridge, the plans for which are hardly yet drafted.

We are certainly living in an empire of speed, and the automobile is its monarch.

A Railroad Election

THE city of Cincinnati has several claims to distinction. It is the birthplace of the only living ex-President of the United States; it is the nearest large city to that hypothetical and abstract mathematical point known as the center of the population of the United States; and it is the only city in the United States—in the entire world, for that matter—which owns a trunk-line steam railroad.

This municipally owned railroad, about 350 miles in length, is the Cincinnati Southern. Its construction was begun in 1869 and completed in 1889 by the municipality of Cincinnati in order to maintain that city's claim that it is the "gateway of the South." At first the municipality tried to operate the road, but failed to make it pay, and finally leased it to a private company, now a part of the Southern Railway system. Under the lease the property has been profitable and returns to the city a net annual income of more than a million dollars.

In the recent election the citizens of Cincinnati, by an overwhelming majority, voted to extend the lease for ninety-nine years at a regularly increasing rental which will not only pay the interest on the municipal bonds required for the construction of the road but will yield a handsome surplus for the payment of interest on other municipal bonds.

Cincinnati's unique railway is an object-lesson in the economic policy of government ownership combined with private operation of public utilities.

A Quiet Bower

FOOTBALL is not, contrary to a commonly entertained opinion, the only autumn activity at Yale University. The authorities of that venerable institution, where athletic skill is both an art and a science, are hard at work completing the new Art Museum of the University, which will cost $1,000,000, a sum quite as large as the cost of a good football stadium. The Museum will not only contain the administrative offices of the Art School and an auditorium to seat five hundred persons, but it will house some of Yale's collections of sculptures and paintings, already celebrated in the educational and art world. Among these perhaps the most notable

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is the Jarves collection of Italian *primitivas*. Thus the Yale undergraduates will have the satisfaction of finding out for themselves by observation whether

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

A stadium is a good thing for a university, but so is a quiet bower.

Money-Making and Generosity

If this is an age of money-making on a vast scale, it is also an age of generosity of equal proportions.

The Art Museum at Yale, referred to in a foregoing paragraph, is largely the gift of two anonymous donors of New York. Yale has also received a handsome sum for special research work from Charles H. Ludington, Vice-President of the Curtis Publishing Company, whose death occurred on November 13. Mr. Ludington was also a benefactor of the University of Pennsylvania.

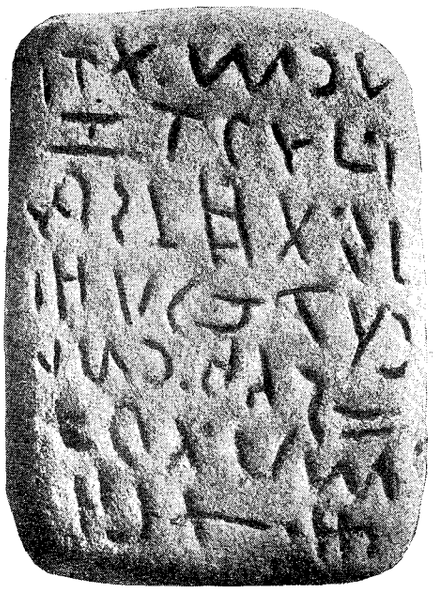
The growth of the Curtis Publishing Company, famous as the producers of the "Ladies' Home Journal" and the "Saturday Evening Post," is one of the romances of American business, comparable in many respects to the rise of the Ford Motor Company. Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis and Mr. Henry Ford both had a vision of the enormous purchasing power of that group of millions whom Lincoln called the plain people. Beginning in a small way and with untiring personal industry and persistence in the face of discouraging obstacles, Ford and Curtis have supplied great masses of Americans with commodities that are both useful and pleasure-giving. Their merchandising is really a form of philanthropy or public service.

Perhaps this could hardly be said of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., but as a distributer of wealth in useful public service he has had no peer in history. The latest Rockefeller benefaction is a gift by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of $2,000,000 to the Government of Palestine for the building and endowment of an archæological museum. This is a part of the "Jerusalem town-planning scheme," in which Mr. Rockefeller is interested because Palestine is "a country whose past is perhaps of more importance to the world than that of any other land." The younger Rockefeller has been a very large donor to the study of history through archæology.

Wealth democratically produced and assembled can, it seems, be democratically spent.

Fact or Fake?

All France is agog with excitement. Are the Glozel discoveries authentic or are they fakes? Today every Frenchman is said to be either a Glozelian or an anti-Glozelian, ready to do



HOAX OR SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE?

A sample of writing from Glozel, which some scientists claim is an alphabet invented by stone age man

ardent battle for his view of an intellectual-scientific controversy such as could reach great heights only among the French people. With less excuse French Cabinets have even been known to fall, or, as the French say, "step on a banana peel."

In 1924 a peasant's plow revealed at Glozel, near the celebrated Vichy, a few bushels of clay tablets, clay pots, arrowheads, and other artifacts. The tablets bore strange inscriptions. Some of the characters resembled those of our alphabet. And on this evidence an elaborate theory has been built up: that the alphabet we use, instead of originating merely with the Phœnicians, dates back several thousand years farther; that instead of tracing to Asia it traces to Europe; that stone age man invented and used an alphabet—our alphabet, in fact; that written language is far older than archæologists formerly thought, for the Glozel finds may be as much as 12,000 years old!

All this, if established, would throw quite a troublesome monkey-wrench into the wheels of the historian. And the French, after three years of argument, have now appointed a committee of anthropologists to study the Glozel finds and render, if possible, a decision. In the meantime the newspapers are full of Glozel date-lines. President Herriot has listed the locality as a national monument, thus removing it from the hands of local amateur archæologists.

Among eminent French scientists some are as definitely committed to a belief in the authenticity of these finds at Glozel as others are committed to the opinion that they are a hoax. Still others who do not think them fraudulent regard them as the comparatively recent work of Roman sorcerers. Diverse opinions about them are held so stoutly that, no matter what decision is rendered by the committee, the question is likely to remain open for years to vex the world's students of language and writing. The lead tablets bearing "Jewish" records of 1100 A.D., found a couple of years ago in Arizona, might aptly be recalled to mind. The layman will do well for a time to take newspaper items about Glozel *cum grano salis*.

If the alphabet should be traced to the stone age, some French and Phœnician reputations will fall; but, luckily, the Phœnicians are beyond bothering about their chief title to fame.

How Far Away Is Abyssinia?

A dam site in Abyssinia—which seems too remote to concern Americans—has lately caused a near-controversy between Great Britain and the United States.

First it was announced that an American engineering firm was to build a $20,000,000 dam across the Blue Nile River where it flows out of Lake Tsana for the Abyssinian Government. The purpose was to stop destructive floods and to supply irrigation to the British Sudan, west of Abyssinia.

Then it appeared that, under a treaty of 1902 with Great Britain, Abyssinia could not grant the right without British consent. While negotiations for a British concession for the work had been unsuccessful, Great Britain made it evident that she would oppose a concession

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to Americans. She has built up a large cotton-growing industry in the Sudan, and does not want to pay for irrigation to any but British concerns or to have the water works in any but British hands.

Egypt also objected to the proposed plan, as threatening to Egyptian interests in the waters of the Nile. And France supported the British right to oppose the project.

Shortly afterward the representative of the Regent of Abyssinia, who had nearly completed negotiations in New York, announced in London that no contract would be signed without the consent of Great Britain.

Even engineering schemes in Africa are not too remote nowadays to affect the international relations of America.

An Italian Nobel Prize Winner

THE Nobel Literature Prize has just been awarded for the year 1926 to Signora Grazia Deledda. Only one other woman (Selma Lagerlöf) has won this prize. Signora Deledda is known to English and American readers chiefly, if not solely, by her tragic story "La Madre." Besides this, only one other book of hers, so far as we know, has been translated into English, and that was written nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Signora Deledda is highly esteemed in her own land, and is one of the three women writers who were included in the Italian Academy of Immortals, founded by Mussolini.

The bent of this author is distinctly tragic, and she has been especially fond of describing the wild nature of the people of her own birthplace, Sardinia. "The Mother," which led to the Nobel award, is peculiarly and devastatingly tragic and sad. It is, however, in point of art almost perfect; and as we read of the temptation of the son, a priest, and the sorrow and final death of the mother, we are profoundly moved.

Pirandello, who all but stands at the head of Italian literature of our day, has called this book one of the greatest novels in the Italian language.

On the appearance of "The Mother" four years ago, The Outlook review said of it: "The subject is tragic, the emotion aroused is poignant (a much-abused word, but precisely correct here), and the soundness of the psychology and the intensity of human passion and despair make the story a little masterpiece."

Mother-love is an old theme, but it is never trite when art and genius illuminate it.

Thompson and the Canadians

WITH an army of followers two thousand strong, Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, invaded Washington on the day before election

William Hale Thompson

to advertise flood relief. Whatever incidental publicity Big Bill, as he is called, might get from this visit to the Nation's capital was presumably not unwelcome. Surrounded by mayors from various towns and cities in the Mississippi Valley, he informed the members of the House Flood Control Committee that the only institution that could stop the floods was the Federal Government. He heard himself praised as worthy to stand beside Lincoln and Roosevelt. He breakfasted at the White House the next day in company with Senator Lorimer, with whom in 1910 Theodore Roosevelt refused to sit down at dinner. Then he returned to Chicago. Washington, accustomed to parades, was not greatly thrilled, and there is no evidence that the House Flood Control Committee was greatly informed. Certainly the country at large was hardly aware of the event. There was a time when such a gesture would have awakened great enthusiasm. Perhaps it has had its effect along the Mississippi Valley; but it has certainly left the Nation cold.

So Mayor Thompson is back to renew his attacks on the British.

Three days after election—on Armistice Day—representatives from the British Empire gathered at Arlington Cemetery at Washington. They were the British Ambassador, the Canadian Minister, and several members of the Canadian Cabinet, accompanied by others from the Dominion and by Canadian troops. They came to dedicate a monument presented by the Government of Canada to the Government and people of the United States in honor of citizens of the United States who had served in the Canadian army and given their lives in the World War. These were men who anticipated the decision of their country and joined the Allies before the United States declared war or afterwards found in the Canadian army their easiest way toward service. At Arlington stands the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Near it will now stand the monument to what might rightly be called America's Unknown Army. Certainly it is not known how many of them there were. It is certain only that by thousands men of this country crossed the border to fight with those of the British forces in the common cause. And the monument will stand as a reminder, not only of them, but also of those common ideals that have kept and will keep the border between the Republic and the Dominion guarded, as Mr. Davis, the United States Secretary of War, said, "only by the common love of liberty and justice in the hearts of the people of both Canada and the United States."

Even the strident tones of a trouble-maker may be drowned by the eloquent silence of a granite cross.

Not Wet and Dry

THE State-wide vote in Ohio and the Mayoralty election in Detroit, Michigan, have been interpreted as a victory for the wets and a victory for the drys, respectively. In Ohio a bill supported by the Anti-Saloon League was defeated in a referendum. In Detroit the candidate which had the support of the dry element was elected Mayor. In neither case, however, was the issue the simple one of the enforcement of prohibition.

In Ohio the vote against the bill supported by the Anti-Saloon League was not by any means cast wholly by the wets. For years in the so-called "village liquor courts" the justices collected their

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Cartoons of the Week

Marcus in the New York Times

Mother: "There now, that costume should win the prize!"

From Miss Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

Alling in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

"Dubbed!"

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

Cargill in the Kansas City Journal

ALL THIS CAKE OUGHT TO MAKE A HIT WITH HIM SURE!
HEY!
MELLON
400 MILLION TAX CUT PLEASE
TREASURY SURPLUS
DEMOCRATS IN CONGRESS
SANE TAX REDUCTION
HEALTHY FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY

Maybe Mellon's food is better

From Madge Sullivant, Kansas City, Mo.

Knott for the Dallas News

Father and Son Week in Russia

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fees out of the fines that they assessed. This practice gave to every justice an interest in convicting the accused. Last March the United States Supreme Court declared this practice unconstitutional. Then the Legislature passed a bill to change the practice, but left the maximum salary of a justice dependent upon the collection of fines. It is true that it provided that the fee should be paid by the defendant upon conviction or by the State upon acquittal; but the law was widely regarded as a bad one. Motorists objected to it on the ground that it would still encourage speed traps. Opposition to it was led by drys. The Anti-Saloon League tried to make the issue a referendum on prohibition, and was beaten. The defeat of the bill showed that the hold of the Anti-Saloon League in Ohio was weakening; but it did not show anything about opinion on the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

In Detroit the candidate who scouted the idea of adequate enforcement of prohibition was beaten; but it is not at all clear that he was beaten because of his stand on prohibition. His opponent, John C. Lodge, took no part in the campaign. And when finally he was elected he simply said that "wet and dry" was "no issue in the campaign," but that he was sure that the people who knew him knew that "the laws would be enforced in a decent and orderly manner."

American voters have in these two elections shown their independence of the self-constituted censor and the demagogue alike.

Governor Smith and the Vote in New York

If Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, were not the most prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination, the vote in New York State this year would not have been of interest to the Nation. But Governor Smith took an active part in the campaign to secure the defeat of one of the proposed amendments to the State Constitution and the passage of other amendments. And the outcome has been considered as a measure, if not a very accurate one, of Governor Smith's political strength in his own State. The amendment he opposed was defeated by a big majority and the amendments that he favored were passed.

The impression that the result in New York has made has been deepened by the action of his opponents. The Republican majority in the Legislature seemed to challenge the Governor by insisting on submitting to the voters the proposal that an election of Governor should come every four years simultaneously with the election of a President. Governor Smith opposed this proposal on principle because he believes that putting the election of Governor and President simultaneously would tend to confuse the minds of voters and to enable politicians to nominate weak candidates for Governor to be swept in with successful Presidential candidates. Governor Smith did not make this a party issue. If it was a party issue, it was made such by his opponents. As a matter of fact, however, a great many Republicans were as opposed to this proposal as Governor Smith himself. The defeat of it leaves the term of the Governor as at present, two years, but it has tended to emphasize the fact that in his State Governor Smith's voice is the one to which the people of the State are most ready to listen. Whether he could command their votes for President in anything like the same proportion, however, is very doubtful.

In the same election the Republican hold on the Legislature was strengthened.

National politics and State politics do not always mix.

Soviets, Italian Style

Mussolini has finally put through a Soviet system under Fascist control in Italy.

Most Americans confuse the idea of Soviets with Bolshevism—not knowing that the Russian word "soviet" merely means "council." It happened that the system of running a nation by hand-picked councils instead of representative parliaments began in Russia during the Communist revolt, and so became identified with the Bolsheviks. But the monarchists, if they had had enough force to overthrow Kerensky and the Provisional Government, might equally have set up a Soviet system. In fact, the Czar's Council of Ministers was called "Soviet." Any one can operate a Soviet plan who starts first—as the Italian dictator is proving.

The Fascist Grand Council—which is Mussolini's supreme organ of political rule—has decided that after next year only members of the thirteen Fascist guilds and certain other selected groups may vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies. Thus the only semblance of political rights remaining to Italians is limited to adherents of the Black Shirt party. And they, naturally, are to cast ballots only for Fascist candidates.

The system is even more copper-riveted than the Bolshevik plan in Russia, where some "non-partisans" manage to elect spokesmen in the Soviet Congresses. In Italy the Fascist guilds are to present their nominees for the Chamber, whose membership is to be reduced from 560 to 400. The Grand Council will then go over the lists and revise them. The voters may then take this single ticket—or just not vote at all.

Since Mussolini names the members of the Fascist Grand Council, all that will be really necessary is a motion that the Chairman cast one ballot for the Chamber of Deputies.

Fascism may be the new political efficiency, but it will make Americans look forward with new appreciation to next year's party conventions and Presidential campaign.

Who Shall Guard the Guardians?

Justice Siddons, trial judge in the Fall-Sinclair case, has ordered an investigation to determine whether in connection with that trial there has been committed criminal contempt of court.

It has already been revealed, not only that operatives of the Burns Detective Agency trailed jurors in that case and reported upon their habits and even their financial condition, but also that one of these operatives made an affidavit, which the subscribing operative has declared to be false, to support the allegation that a Government agent, an Assistant Attorney-General, had tampered with one of the jurors. It appears that McMullin, the Burns Detective Agency's operative, who subscribed to the affidavit, had first gone to the Government counsel in the case on the advice of Governor Pinchot, to whom he had told his story, and had revealed the plans in which he had become involved, and that he went on with his work, carrying out the instructions of the agency under full knowledge of Government counsel.

William J. Burns's statement that his agency had done nothing which it was not perfectly lawful for it to do and the allegations which have been made about the actions of this agency in this case cannot very well be reconciled. It is for

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Part of the crowd which watched the funeral procession of Florence Mills

the purpose of getting at the truth that the investigation is ordered. Public opinion must await the finding of the facts. But there is no doubt that conditions which have been already revealed ought to be remediable by law.

There is nothing more important for the Government to do than to protect the protectors of life and property.

Towards Freer Trade

LOWER tariff barriers are the objective of the nations whose representatives have been in session at the International Conference in Geneva for the removal of trade restrictions.

The United States apparently may sign the convention they finally adopted. Our delegation was put in the embarrassing position of having to oppose one of the vital principles of the convention. This was a clause declaring that return to freedom of trade of any particular product entails on the producing and consuming countries correlative obligations. Hugh R. Wilson, Minister to Switzerland, heading the American delegation, argued that this seemed to call upon the United States to grant reduction of import duties on manufactured goods to countries abolishing export prohibitions on shipments of raw materials to the United States. He contended that the American tariff system does not admit this principle of reciprocity.

The Conference voted against the American position and retained the clause. Reports from Washington now make it seem probable that the Administration may accept and sign the agreement.

After advising Europe to cut down tariffs, America would be in an odd position if she refused to consider practicing what she preaches.

Blue Grass Politics

THERE was a time when horse-races and hard liquor were not subjects on which Kentucky was likely to be divided politically. But in the recent election they nearly created a political revolution. Mr. Beckham, the regular Democratic candidate for Governor, was distinctly and positively dry; also he advocated doing away with the pari-mutuel system of betting; and as this is the only method legally allowable in the State, his stand repelled all race-track advocates. As a result of a bitter fight in which, it is stated, the Negro vote was surprisingly large, the Democratic candidate was beaten by a small majority for Judge Sampson, Republican, who was at least not ardently dry nor ardently in favor of race-track legislation. The tendency in the North has been to regard the victory jocosely. "The hoss is still king," says one editorial writer. In fact, there were several complications of a local political kind.

If this is political Kentucky in 1927, what may be its uncertainties in 1928?

A Dancer of Blues

A LITTLE colored girl, eight years old, came to the Harlem district of New York about twenty years ago. Even then she was on the stage singing and dancing in child rôles. When she was buried the other day, Florence Mills was mourned by all Harlem and by many thousands outside her own race and place of residence. Men and women on the stage and off the stage sent tributes and sympathy. Many thousands of people passed before her coffin. She was a favorite of the theater public, not because she was a Negress on the stage, but because she gave them pleasure and had in her nature spontaneous gayety.

There was nothing tremendous or distinguished about this little stage girl. She was not a great comedian; she did not stir the heart deeply; but in her own way she was inimitable—quaint, grotesque; just a singer and dancer in musical comedy, she was the center of attraction in an all-colored troupe of which she was the popular "Blackbird." Yet the papers say that there is a movement to build a memorial mausoleum and a life-size statue at a cost of $20,000. There is something pathetic about Florence's short, vivid life, her early death, her unique appeal.

Perhaps the reason is expressed by a critic of her work who first praised her spontaneity and quality of seeming to enjoy making things up on the spot, but concluded by saying that she had what some call personality and the poet calls a soul.

To put all of one's self in work or in art makes for something more than success.

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What Is the Best Defense of the Truth?

EXCEPTIONAL interest has been aroused by Edna St. Vincent Millay's article in The Outlook for November 9, entitled "Fear."

Evidently in the minds of many readers have arisen with regard to it two questions:

First, why did The Outlook print it? Briefly, because any such view held by many people of intelligence and expressed with such beauty and force should be made known to thoughtful and discerning people.

Second, does The Outlook agree with that view? Briefly: Yes, in so far as Miss Millay holds that no man should be convicted of crime because of prejudice as to his social theories; No, in so far as she takes for granted, assumes that it is a generally accepted fact calling for no proof, that in the case under discussion the men were convicted of crime because of prejudice as to their social theories.

Among the letters elicited by Miss Millay's article, some of which are printed elsewhere in this issue, was a personal letter addressed to the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook. Though evidently not intended for publication, it expresses so well an impression which that article must have made upon many readers that we take the liberty of printing it without the writer's name and of printing with it Mr. Abbott's reply:

November 9, 1927.

My dear Mr. Abbott:

The Outlook has always stood for the highest ideals, and I have often turned to its pages to get the correct point of view on difficult questions. I fail, however, to get any enlightenment from the article entitled "Fear" or your editorial comment as contained in the November 9 issue.

The article itself is fit only for a most rabid Socialistic magazine. It states that "Christianity is already so spotted and defaced by the crimes of the Church that this stain does not show very dark." It ridicules duty, honor, courage, purity, sacrifice, as "pretty concepts" and "fragile dolls." It questions our motives for entering the war. It takes for granted that Sacco and Vanzetti were sentenced solely because they were Anarchists and that "Justice is a woman of stone above a court-house door." It finally accuses man as acting solely through fear and that "not one out of ten thousand has a spark of true courage in his heart."

May I ask what good object is to be gained by advertising and publishing in headlines all these falsehoods? If it is that both sides of the question should be heard, then you should come out with a strong editorial to set the reader straight. I fail, however, to find any criticism of the author's statements in your editorial. You simply leave it open to the public to decide if she is right or wrong in her views.

The inclosed pamphlet entitled "The Red Peril," by Frank A. Goodwin, contains facts which are worth reading, and the wide publication of which would do far more good, in my opinion, than the author's article "Fear."

I am very sure what I have written is the view-point of those who wish to see religion and the laws of our land upheld, and to encourage an ever increasing love and confidence in each other.

Yours very truly,

——— ———.

November 11, 1927.

Dear Mr. ———:

You read in Edna St. Vincent Millay's article a meaning that I do not find there. You think she ridicules duty, honor, purity, courage. I think she is holding up to scorn what she regards as false concepts of them. You think she makes game of justice as a graven idol. I think she is pleading for a justice that she regards as real instead of a mere formal image of it. You think that she regards all mankind as actuated solely by fear. I think she is addressing those groups, often dominant in industry and politics, who, though not aware of it themselves, are controlled, not by their faith in their fellowmen, but by their fears. What I think she was trying to do, and believed she succeeded in doing, was to show the evil and danger of allowing ourselves to be ruled by fear rather than by, as you express it, "love and confidence in each other." And when she sees evidence, as she thinks she sees it, of fear enthroned, of people being punished for the doctrines they hold and teach, however false, in short, for being Reds, she denounces the sham and cries aloud for real duty, honor, purity, and courage.

Please read the article again and see if I am right or not.

The Outlook, which is as far from being either Anarchist or Socialist as you are, printed this article because it believes that this point of view, which is that of many intelligent, thoughtful, honest, and patriotic people, ought to be known to its readers.

Where I differ from Miss Millay is not in the principle which I think she was upholding but in the application of it. She takes for granted as a fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were tried and condemned because those in authority were afraid of their doctrines. I think that that is entirely too much to be taken for granted. I believe that the only thing that can be justly assumed is that they were tried because those in authority believed there was credible evidence that those men were guilty of murder. The pamphlet on the "Red Peril" which you send me tends, I am sorry to admit, to support Miss Millay's assumption. In that pamphlet Mr. Goodwin attacks the condemned men, not because they are murderers primarily, but because they are Reds. He, it seems to me, does not give any evidence of being actuated by "love and confidence," but does give evidence, in what he says, of being actuated by fear—fear of the Red peril—and lumps with these two men all Socialists and pacifists, and even such people as Felix Frankfurter and Miss Whitney. In spite of that pamphlet and in spite of Miss Millay, who thinks that such people as Mr. Goodwin are in control of our courts, I believe that the majority of our citizens are brave and fair and can draw a distinction between murderers and Socialists and do not wish to see people put to death because they are Anarchists. If I thought that the majority of Americans were controlled by fear of what even Anarchists teach I would despair of the country. There are those who, however, so believe that the majority are ruled by fear, and I think that they have the right to express their opinion and to warn their fellow-citizens of the consequences.

The Outlook has always exercised the liberty of printing articles with which it disagreed in part or even wholly. It exercises that liberty when it has the chance to publish an

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article expressing the point of view of numerous people whose intelligence and honesty entitle them to a hearing. The very fact that it has an established character of stability and common sense should, I think, enable its readers to understand the reason for printing articles that express opinions that differ from its own.

Even if we thought that Miss Millay was wrong in the principle she upholds, as we think she was wrong in the application of it, we should still feel free to print it. This is in accord with the well-considered and well-established policy of The Outlook. Six years ago—within two years of his death—my father wrote an editorial in The Outlook from which I quote the following sentences:

"The Outlook believes that the best defense of the truth is an absolutely free field for discussion between truth and error. . . . I have faith in truth and faith in my fellow-men and a lifelong faith that the best way to conduct men to the truth is to let them know all that can be said against it. And I have no faith in my capacity or the capacity of any man or set of men to determine what opinions may be excluded from the discussion. . . . Most Americans will agree that the standard of spiritual intelligence is higher in America, where error has been free, than in Spain, where a few wise men have decided what the common people may read.

"LYMAN ABBOTT."

The Outlook has always acted on the principle that the practice of stifling opinions or feelings engendered by opinions on public matters is dangerous and that the best way to get at the truth is to let differing opinions and consequent feelings be ventilated. On that principle we shall continue to act.

Very sincerely yours,
ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT,
Editor-in-Chief.

War Talk

THE best way to bring on a war is to talk about its probability and do nothing about the conflicts of interest that might cause it.

Talk of this kind has been surprisingly prevalent of late about possible war between Great Britain and the United States. It dates from the failure of the Geneva Naval Conference, which disturbed thoughtul people in both countries. Apparently there are more troubled minds in England than here. Two prominent British publicists visiting America, Wickham Steed and J. A. Spender, have voiced friendly warnings about the danger of naval rivalry. Lieutenant-Commander Kenworthy, a leading younger member of Parliament, and formerly a member of the Admiralty Staff, in his book "Peace or War," foresees England standing at the head of a European federation of distrust of America and Japan and Great Britain—with Canada neutral—fighting a sea struggle with the United States. And Viscount Grey, the former Foreign Secretary, said in an Armistice Day address:

"Soon, even if they are not doing it already, the two nations will be building fleets against each other, not so much for the requirements of their own countries as for the sake of prestige."

On our side, Representative Britten, of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, has pointed to the British building program as a reason for providing more naval protection for American commerce. And Thomas A. Edison has lined up with Commander Kenworthy in predicting that the European Powers will combine in war against the United States.

Our relations with Great Britain are more important than our relations with any other nation. All around the world, wherever a cardinal policy or an interest of the United States is concerned, we come in contact with the British Empire. If, as some people say, war between the two nations is "unthinkable," it is of the unthinkable that some other people are plainly thinking. Yet there is no point at issue so vital as to justify, or even of itself to threaten, war. The useful thing is to face frankly the fact that there are differences and disputes, and to examine and dispose of them one by one before they can lead to difficulty. Two broad arbitration treaties between Great Britain and the United States are to come up in the course of next year for review. A reassuring and wise step will be the renewal and extension of these agreements as a means of keeping the British and Americans friends.

Sportsmanship—The Letter or the Spirit

AMATEUR athletics provide a sort of moral laboratory in which certain laws or principles of life can be demonstrated.

One of these principles is that the letter kills but the spirit gives life.

Among rules adopted by leading colleges are those designed to get rid of the so-called "tramp athlete"—the wandering star lured from college to college, owing each college in turn nothing but temporary athletic allegiance. Naturally, the feeling has grown up that true sportsmanship requires the observance and enforcement of these rules against the tramp athlete to the letter.

Yet by the literal interpretation of one of the rules accepted by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton one of the most sportsmanlike of Yale athletes has been debarred from the football field. For three years he has played on Yale's team, and then some one discovered that for a few moments he had played on a freshman team at Brown University. There was nothing of the star athlete about Bruce Caldwell at Brown. He was not lured away from Brown to Yale. He is as true a Yalensian as any other man on the team; but a literal interpretation of the rule has debarred him. Both Princeton and Harvard athletic authorities urged the Yale authorities to let him play; but the very principle of sportsmanship which led them to urge Yale to relent led Yale to observe the rule as it stood.

Mr. Bingham, director of athletics at Harvard, stated the consequences tersely: "The Harvard Athletic Committee feels that by adhering to a technicality both institutions are doing a gross injustice to one of Yale's finest sportsmen."

Legalism, developed to cure evils in athletics, has itself become an evil. It tithes mint, anise, and cummin, and forgets the weightier matters of the law. If retained, it will substitute a code of petty regulations for that mutual loyalty which is the essence of the sportsmanlike spirit.

In this respect, as in others, athletics have a lesson to teach America. Legalism clogs our courts; legalism blurs our judgments; legalism promotes the spirit of trying to "get by;" and yet legalism can penalize the guiltless. In the laboratory of athletics we can see how it works, and we ought to profit by what the laboratory teaches.

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Our Prejudices

Discussed in the Light of Psychology

By JOSEPH JASTROW

THE OUTLOOK has placed before me some twoscore letters[1] of its readers provoked to expression by the arresting article of Miss Millay on the juridical execution of two "nameless" men, whose trial and fate (citing Mr. Bellamy's introductory statement) "has brought to light in one way or another the deep-seated prejudices and antipathies of the present day." For therein precisely lies the enduring significance of this *cause célèbre*. The states of mind disclosed by a "poet's cry of disillusionment" and its aftermath are of interest; presumably, they reflect a representative range of opinion. Naturally, the few who are moved to write feel more strongly or may be more deeply concerned either for the rectitude of public opinion or of their private convictions than the many who reflect in silence.

In about the ratio of five to one, the exhibit records a warm, more usually a hot, protest against author and editor. The feeling ranges from mild consternation to shocked outrage. "Will the editor tell a perplexed reader what has happened?" writes a naval officer. Why, ask others, should The Outlook suddenly resort to "yellow" journalism in printer's ink and editorial methods? Several old and constant readers are amazed; others cry out "in anger and disgust." "Never has such a vicious, false, and wicked article" appeared in a first-class magazine. The effusion is "an insult to thousands of readers" accustomed to look to The Outlook for "fairness and sanity." The publication is "absolutely inexcusable." Nor does the well-known fact that The Outlook disagrees with Miss Millay's conclusions protect the editor from such confidential advice as: "Next time you are tempted into any more of that Millay stuff save yourself and us by taking a sleeping-powder. . . . You are dippy on the subject."

The article is set down as an emotional outburst which "any high-strung sentimental creature could produce;" "a weak sob-sisterly effusion." It bristles with untruth, ignores facts, is one-sided in its sympathies, "a ludicrous piece of nonsense," "so far from the truth as to be absurd." By what right does Miss Millay pose as a super-jury overriding the judgment of jurors, judges, competent tribunals, and a lay commission? Others deplore that the agitation should be resurrected.

The minority who approve congratulate writer and editor upon their courage and sense of tolerance; they regard the article as notable. Yet one who agrees that the judgment in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was wrong regrets that The Outlook gave space to "so stupid an expression" of this opinion.

IT is desirable to review this collection of statements as a sample exhibit of states of mind, leaving untouched (so far as that is possible) the guilt of the accused of the specific crime charged, and the fairness, legal or otherwise, of the trial. But there is one circumstance that I cannot omit, since, as I see it, it is the largest fact or factor in the reaction to the verdict by a most responsible and calmly reflective portion of the public, though it is hinted at (not stated) by but one correspondent—namely, the open gap between the evidence and the verdict. I estimate as very large the numbers of those who followed the proceedings or the competent digests and reviews with no sympathy for the defendants and with pronounced opposition to their Anarchistic views, yet who were puzzled to explain how the two men could have been convicted upon such unconvincing evidence. Consequently their attitude is one of dazed or neutral uncertainty; they cannot attain a belief one way or the other. All that they assert with complete conviction is that, regarding themselves as members of a jury or board of review, they could not bring themselves to vote—if vote they must—for conviction on such evidence; and this applies equally to those who think it more likely that the accused were guilty or guiltily involved than that they were innocent.

I am unable to dismiss from my mind, as I read these letters of protest, this fundamental consideration; for here is the "nub" (as William James would have said) of the suspicion of prejudice in both directions. I may be showing my own prejudice in favor of a rationalistic attitude in holding that where the connection of premise and conclusion is so imperfect one should expect as the most general reaction that of suspended judgment. But the psychologist knows as well as any one else the strength of the tendency to take sides. Men are by nature partisans; and only the few by training and self-control approach the judicial, even the tolerant attitude. One need not go beyond quite familiar psychology to suspect that there is some other force than logic or proof at work that sends the balance of judgment to the one conviction or the other, and usually with fervor and tenacity; and that is the measure of prejudice that is here concerned. For prejudice is not, as commonly conceived, a crude, insensitive blindness or stubborn determination to reach, or even to jump, to conclusions that are personally, which means emotionally, acceptable. Prejudice is formed of subtler stuff; it intrudes as a slight, subdued, often subconscious deviation of the logical eyesight that incapacitates it to see rightly. We are all prejudiced, though some far more so than others, and differ still more significantly in the control that we exercise and are eager to exercise over our prejudicial inclinations. The dangerously prejudiced man is he who gives in to his inclinations not only with unrestraint but with exultation. In the attempt to buttress or protect our prejudices by reasons—with choice of fact and argument alike—and so pacify our logical conscience, we are fairly alike, differing only in the skill and frankness with which we practice this dubious art.

I MAY be permitted to record that I was in Boston during July and August, when excitement and agitation ran high and the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti was sealed. The opinion as I encountered it was in agreement with The Outlook's set of replies. At least five to one of the Bostonians whose judgments

[1] Representative letters of these twoscore are printed on another page—THE EDITORS.

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I could learn held that the men had received a fair trial and exceptional consideration, were definitely or presumably guilty of murder, and the law should take its course. In some circles the subject was a closed issue; its discussion was taboo. Even an expression of doubt was regarded as an index of sympathy with the two Anarchists on trial. Many reached this decision with regret; more, with the stern resolve that the menace which these men represented should be dealt with summarily and effectively. As often happens in cases where prejudice is involved, there arose the distortion of the false issue; men meaning to be fair in discussion and conclusion are influenced by substituted issues that intrude and distort judgment. In this case, most unfortunately, the issue approached that of a challenge to American institutions, thus naturally arousing strong feelings and a state of mind unfavorable to tolerance and a suspended judgment. All this appears in and between the lines of the protests against Miss Millay's article.

My dominant reaction to the judgments that prevailed through the recent agitation and its continuation in the present aftermath of opinion, viewing it all as an objective exhibit in the psychology of prejudice, is far from reassuring. We come out of the affair with no very creditable record; we didn't keep our heads or our hearts as well under control as might be expected of a people so privileged in education, in available leadership, in tolerant tradition. I still retain the conviction that the American mind is big enough to manage a Sacco-Vanzetti agitation more composedly, more wisely. And this holds as well if we accept the conclusion that the way adopted was the right one.

Our common name for this over-emotionalized and unwisely emotionalized type of judgment is hysterical. To the editorial comment that there is no hysteria in Miss Millay's words the letters of protest take exception. Much depends upon how loosely or how rigidly we use the term. There is certainly as much of it in the protests as in the fervor of the poet's wrath, while the threat of cancellation of subscriptions as a form of protest suggests a childish petulance congenial to hysteria. What impresses me as peculiarly intolerant is the assertion that The Outlook should have declined to open its pages to a statement opposed to its own position. If that is the accepted idea of editorial responsibility, we have much to learn. The publication of this article is a fine example of editorial tolerance; may it be abundantly followed! Equally commendable is the consideration given to the subject in the quieter period of the aftermath. When feeling runs high, reason runs low. Wise deliberation is possible when there has been time for calm reflection. The haste to get back to business as usual and forget the past is an indication of defective mental hygiene; it is poor morale. We were, and perhaps still are, eager to forget the Great War and throw away the lessons of the most momentous if disquieting piece of history of the modern period. This impatience is of a piece with the intolerance that eases the way to prejudice. It is not along that route that psychological sanity or moral salvation lies.

Joseph Jastrow

With Miss Millay's view that the questions raised by the execution of the nameless ones are and should remain living issues I cordially agree, though my preference for a reasoned statement would lead me to adopt a very different type of appeal for the present situation. Yet there is a place for emotionalism in such burning issues, and Miss Millay's sincerity commands respect. Emotionalism, like rationalism, has its nobilities and degradations. It is a mistake to suppose that emotionalism is all detriment without redeeming assets. The Outlook prints an equally emotional statement on the other side, equally worthy of respect, and especially so as the writer so frankly acknowledges that she is thinking personally—"selfishly"—for her little children, and thinks the world is safer for them with the law upheld; but her attempt to make a hero of the Governor of Massachusetts shows all too sadly the pitfalls of emotionalism.

As a student for many years of the psychology of conviction and the writer of a book with that title, I naturally look upon this as an additional "case" which I should be tempted to include if the volume were expanded. In the mass of comment that flooded the press through the summer and finds its echo in The Outlook's protestants is the frequent statement that, since trial by jury and the safeguards of review constitute

(Continued on page 373)

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Mr. Merritt Takes a Day Off

WHAT earthly use is there in wearing out a fairly good portable typewriter telling what the South would do to Al Smith and why it would do it, when nobody, except perhaps the statistical shark, knows anything about what the South is?

Oh, I suppose there are other exceptions to the rule—certain New England cotton-mill owners, for instance. And probably still others, possibly some whom I do not credit with any knowledge. Freeman, the historian, said that a rule is not disproved even when the exceptions outnumber the conformable cases. So, if a majority of persons in the United States could be proved to know something about the South, the rule of ignorance would still apply.

To the average person living in the North the South is still what it was to Dan Emmett when he wrote "Dixie"—"a land of cotton, persimmon seed, and sandy bottoms"—minus the poetic license. Minstrel Dan used "bottoms" merely for the sake of making a poor rhyme with "cotton." He thought, as most persons do now, of sandy hillsides and pine plateaus.

I have had ample opportunity of knowing that the cotton and pine plains conception persists. The United States Department of Agriculture used to send me South on cotton missions. I was born in a State which seceded, and therefore must have been "fotch up" in a cotton patch. As a fact, I saw no cotton growing until I was myself grown.

Not long ago I walked through a stretch of New York forest with one of the best-informed men in that State, and I remarked that the forest growth did not differ much from that of Middle Tennessee. "Except," he said, "that you have a great deal more pine." From the slope of the mountains westward for three hundred miles Tennessee, like its sister to the north and the northern parts of its sisters to the south, is a hardwood region with no indigenous pine trees in it. The only sizable pines that I ever saw until I journeyed to far parts were three or four in old man Milus Thompson's front yard, transplanted from the coast country more than a century before.

I had a letter this morning from a man who is sitting in the shadow of the Library of Congress writing a book of American history. He has learned some things. "It seems to me," he says in the letter, "that you Tennesseans have been remiss in not advertising the part your State played from Jackson's time on."

What is the use? The consolidated advertising genius of Camels and Egyptian Deities and the other thirty-one best cigarettes could never make people know anything about Hugh Lawson White or John Bell—or anything about Polk except to name him by rote among the Presidents, as coming after Harrison, just as Q comes after P. They do know something about Davy Crockett, simply because he was an accidental backwoods statesman who could not spell very well and managed to get killed at the Alamo.

But the North is always hopeful of the South. Persons connected with publishing have told me recently that, at last, the South is about to produce some real literature—which, if true, is more than the rest of the country is doing, according to my antiquated understanding of what constitutes literature. But the point is this: They do not seem to remember that the fiction of a generation ago would have been even poorer stuff than it was but for the output of Charles Egbert Craddock, George W. Cable, James Lane Allen, O. Henry, *et al.* What, apparently, they have utterly forgotten is that about all the really distinctive fiction ever produced in America was turned out by Joel Chandler Harris and Mark Twain, the latter of whom may have been born in Missouri (that is a mooted question), but was conceived in Tennessee. They probably never have known how thin American poetry would be without Poe and Lanier. And, just to show that I am not worshiping a dead past, I may say this: They are not properly aware of what the present output of readable stuff would be without me and Irvin Cobb, not to mention Cale Young Rice *et ux.*—or Grantland Rice, either, for that matter.

ALL of which is pretty far away from Al Smith—but so is the South, if I know the second letter of the English alphabet from the horny pedal extremity of the male of the bovine species.

And that brings us a step nearer to what I started to write about, but which, considering the preface and the fact that I am already well along in the fighting forties, I may never reach.

But let me make a stab at it.

GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH, of New York, appears in a fair way to be nominated for the Presidency by the National Democracy (if there is such a thing as a National party, which, editorially, I should deny), and there are indications that the Solid South will not be solidly for him.

Now this fact is not so much resented, as it is attributed to ignorance. There is a feeling that the great Governor of New York is to be deprived of the honor which is his due by the unenlightenment of the Southern mountaineers.

Lord! A Southern mountaineer is no more a part of the Solid South than a hookworm is of a Porto Rican Negro. Southern mountaineers are, ever were, and forever will be Republicans. Their unbreakable attachment to the Republican Party is, with the possible exception of a certain quickness in the trigger finger, their worst fault. And they all have it. The sheriff of any Southern mountain county would be hard put to it to find enough mountaineer Democrats to pack a coroner's jury.

There are, to be sure, some Democrats in the Southern mountains, because mere residence in the mountains does not constitute a mountaineer. But the people who live in the Southern mountains are so nearly all Republicans and so completely out of sympathy with the rest of the South that the late Congressman Walter P. Brownlow tried for years to have a new State created out of the mountainous parts of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia.

DIXON MERRITT, The Outlook's Washington correspondent, has been investigating the political situation in the South and has sent us two authoritative articles on what he found there. His next and last article will deal with opinion concerning Al Smith along the Southern seaboard.

In this entertaining piece he abandons facts and figures temporarily and gives a very good idea of the despair a Southerner feels when the words "Solid South" are hurled at him.

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Such a State, so far as its dominant population is concerned, would be much less akin to the South than Vermont and Utah are. (Those, I believe, are the only States that have never failed, in modern times, to go Republican.)

Mountain ignorance, then, may be dismissed as an element in the disinclination of the South toward Governor Smith. The mountains are no more disinclined to him than they are to all Democrats.

But I do not suppose that the recitation of this fact in political geography will penetrate any considerable number of minds. The average person in this country apparently has no more idea of the exact physical location of the Southern mountains than a Modernist has of the exact physical location of heaven. I have a friend in an important position in the Government Printing Office who is astonished every time I see him that, when I am at home in Tennessee, I do not step over every other night to sit till bedtime with his other friend in Elizabethton, Tennessee. And my explanation that Elizabethton is nearer Washington than it is to my home in Tennessee does not make the slightest impression on him. His other friend is in the mountains of Tennessee and I am in the middle basin of Tennessee. Therefore we ought to swap the time of day over the back fence.

Courtesy of the Southern Railway

NOT THE DIXIE OF COTTON AND PERSIMMONS

The photograph of these Hereford cattle was taken in Madison County, Alabama

THESE illustrations are, of themselves, trivial. But one must resort to trivialities if one would impress the popular mind. Readers of The Outlook must not take this sentence—or themselves—too seriously. Of course, their minds are not trivial. But contingencies have to be guarded against, and there is no knowing what papers, periodicals, publications, and posters may take into their heads to reproduce this article or parts of it.

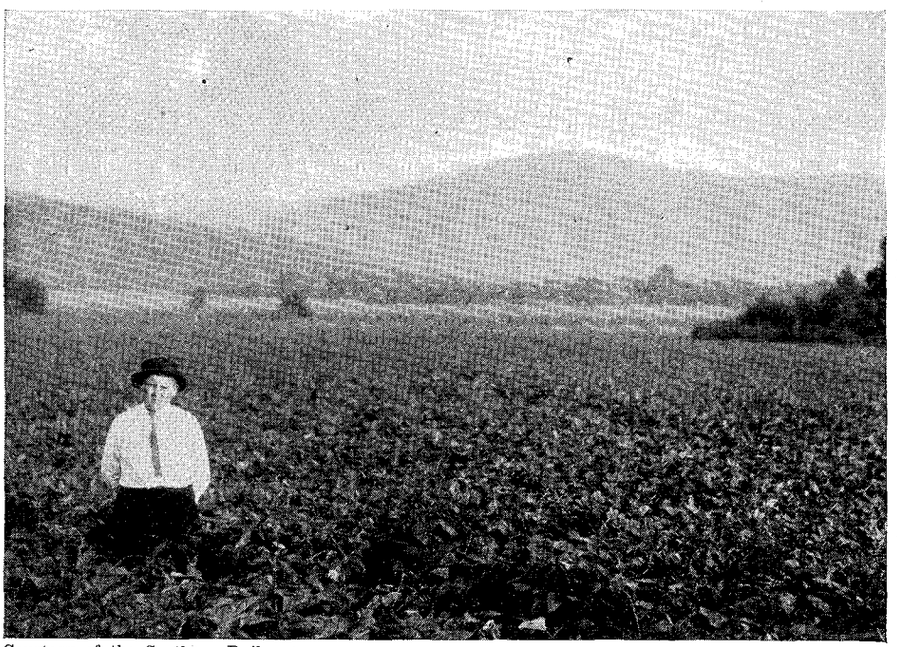
Let the illustrations suffice, then, for the fact of the common belief that the South is so ignorant that it does not know beans. Well, of course, it does not. That knowledge is reserved for Boston. But the South knows cow-peas. And cow-peas are a better crop than beans—for soil improvement, anyhow.

Every section appears ignorant to every other section—and is ignorant, from the other section's view-point. You know yourself that the man who does not know what you know is an ignoramus, no matter what else he may know. And sections are just multiples of men.

I do not like to puncture self-conceits; I own considerable property of that kind myself, and therefore do not want destruction of it to become a habit. But I cannot well avoid saying in this connection that the South does not regard the Eastern seaboard as possessed of all knowledge and all understanding. And I stand with my section, as my granddad did in the sixties. Even the ignorance of the Southern mountaineers is not unparalleled. If anybody cares to go along with me, I undertake to act as guide to places along the highway between New York City and Atlantic City and to places in New York State not fifty miles from New York City where ignorance and its attendant depraved practices are such as to make the most ignorant neighborhood of the Southern mountains appear, by comparison, like a settlement of scholars and saints.

Well, enough of that—too much, by a long shot.

I cannot prove my conclusion, and, if I could, the fact would remain that proof does not get anywhere with a jury



Courtesy of the Southern Railway

IF THE SOUTH DOES NOT KNOW BEANS

it does know cow-peas, such as these shown growing in Alabama

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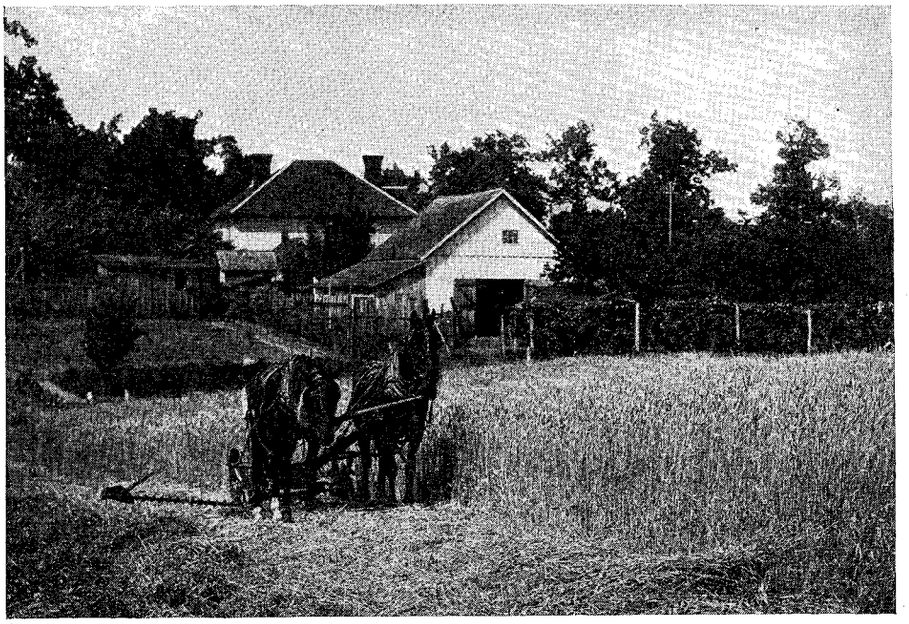

Courtesy of the Southern Railway

A field of oat grass in Georgia

made up of the whole people. Readers will have to take my word for it that the South is just like the rest of the country, only different. It contains just the same proportion of wise men and fools, of patriots and demagogues, of horse sense and—but why carry the comparison further?

Now the South does not want Governor Alfred E. Smith for President. That statement is completely true despite the fact that all of the South except the so-called border States would probably swallow him. But, as matters stand today, he would be forced down their throats—and there would be an aftermath.

The Southern opposition to Governor Smith is not based on ignorance. It is based on settled convictions, well reasoned out.

First, the South believes that the Constitution ought to be lived up to, and that the Eighteenth Amendment, as much as the First Article, is a part of the Constitution.

I am perfectly well aware of the tendency to ask, "What the heck does the Constitution mean to the South?" But I recite the fact that the South is square with its own conscience in regard to the Constitution. It believed, when it seceded, that the other section was violating Constitutional guaranties. It has been accused of disregarding the Negro Amendments, but it actually never has. Lawless men in it, a few, have practiced forms of peonage, but the South's position has been that the Federal Government freed the Negroes without providing for their protection, that they had to be protected and guarded and guided, that the Southern people among whom they lived had to take up the burden and bear it to the end. They have borne it and are bearing it valiantly. Whatever has been done for the advancement of the Negro since emancipation has been, despite the efforts of well-meaning Northern philanthropists, mainly the work of the South. And whatever the South has done which may have appeared to some in other sections as oppression of the Negro has been done to secure tolerable government for Negroes and whites alike.

The South has done nothing with regard to the Negro Amendments which should estop it from demanding observance of the liquor Amendment.

And the South does not believe that under an Administration headed by Alfred E. Smith observance of the Eighteenth Amendment would be encouraged.

The South may be wrong in that belief, but it has reasonable grounds for holding such a belief. If the fact is not as the South believes, and if those who are seeking to advance the interests of Governor Smith have any of the essence of real wisdom, they will proceed to reason with the South as intelligent man with intelligent man. They will get nowhere by assuming that the South does not know what it is doing or thinking.

Right here I want to say a word about the belief that the South is ocean-wet personally and desert-dry politically. I have been running around over the South now for something over four weeks, and I have not seen one drunken man. Neither have I been drowned in offers of drink. I have an old reporter's reputation to live up to in the South, and I have taken every drink offered me. They have consisted of two glasses of home-made peach cider and three or four glasses of home-made grape wine. I have no doubt that I could have secured other offers of drinks if I had sought them. But the idea that every man who comes down here is, alcoholically speaking, a poor virtuous Joseph in the hands of a lustful Potiphar's wife—that is the silliest twaddle I ever heard.

The South is suspicious of Governor Smith because he is a Tammany politician. It has been told that Tammany has repented, but it has not seen that Tammany has yet brought forth fruits meet for repentance.

It is probable that Tammany has found a new faith and has shown its faith by its works. If that is true, and if the supporters of Governor Smith are wise, they will present the facts to the South as they would present any set of facts to any set of intelligent men.

I could go on through the list of the Southern objections to the candidacy of Governor Smith. I could talk of the religious prejudice against him. But I have yet to be convinced that there is any more of that in the South than there is in the Middle West, or in western New York State, or on Long Island.

The only point I am seeking to make is this: That, if there is hope anywhere of winning the South to the cause of Governor Smith, that hope can be realized only by an intelligent campaign directed to intelligent men and women.

Of course, we know that this will be merely a pretty little fiction, that there is not a great deal of intelligence anywhere, that all of us are wise only when we are not otherwise. But, if anything is to be accomplished in Governor Smith's behalf, there has got to be a realization that all sections are wise and otherwise in about the same proportions.

This advice to Governor Smith's supporters is gratuitous. I am nobody's man for 1928. But in 1924 I came half a shade nearer to being a Smith man than, for instance, a McAdoo man. I was first, last, and all the time for John W. Davis. That ought to identify me quite definitely. So far as I can ascertain, I was the only one—except, perhaps, John W. Davis.

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Lights Down

A Review of the New York Theatre

Helen Hayes in "Coquette"

SOME plays, like life itself, derive their dramatic moments from the imperfections of the characters who compose the fable. Yes, you say, upon considering them—but had so and so only been thus and so, then this would not have happened—or something else would have turned out otherwise. I don't believe—

And so on.

Helen Hayes's new play, "Coquette," is such a play.

Southern fathers, of the present generation, can easily resent the implication that Southern parents are fairly represented by Dr. Besant, the coquette's father. Southern girls acquainted with the traditional flirtatious attitude of their sex toward their men relatives and friends can quickly point out the moment where Norma Besant fell away from the ideal heroine and precipitated a tragedy. Defenders of Southern gentlemen in the rough (we mean rough diamonds) will find small difficulty in settling upon the exact instant when Norma's thunder-cloud lover played the cad.

Certainly, none of the people involved in this play of Ann Preston Bridgers's—as polished up by George Abbott—act ideally; or there would be no play. What they do manage to do, however, is to act exceedingly humanly; and produce as a result as heart-stirring and poignant a drama as can be endured by the average theatre-goer.

First of all, it poses the question: At what point is a father justified in killing an obviously unsuitable suitor for the hand of his daughter, when the daughter, unfortunately, loves the suitor?

Northerners perhaps will be inclined to answer, At no point. For Southerners, we presume this is Ann Bridgers's answer. For the author of this play is a Southern girl who has persuaded her producers to stake their money—and many evenings of Helen Hayes's invaluable time—on the belief that she has discovered the exact point: namely, when the suitor tells the truth (like a cad) about his relations with Norma Besant, and the doctor, assuming the statements are a slur upon her good name—since she, out of fear, does not instantly admit their truth—gets out the pistols.

After this moment, in the second act, the tragedy is inevitable, and for sheer heartrending sadness is hard to equal.

Our Own Theatre List

Still With Us

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history which might have been a great play if genuine emotion had been substituted for wise-cracking. An amusing evening, as it is.

New Faces

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

"Burlesque," Plymouth.—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

"Escape," The Booth.—Strung on a thin thread, but the most satisfying play on Broadway.

"Porgy," Guild Theatre.—A colorful presentation of Negro life on the Charleston water-front.

"The Good Hope," Civic Repertory Theatre.—A slow tragedy of the men who comb the sea for fish and the women they leave behind.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

"Balieff's Chauve-Souris," Cosmopolitan.—"Mother Goose" under one arm, the "Arabian Nights" under the other.

"An Enemy of the People," Hampden's Theatre.—It's bitter; but it's Ibsen—and true.

Musical Shows

"Hit the Deck," Belasco.—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.—Has nearly everything.

"Good News," Chanin.—We haven't seen it, but our friends like it.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more?

You don't miss the suitor so much as Norma does. But Norma has an unborn child by him, and her father is tried for murder—and her choice is to go on the stand and slander her dead lover by stating he had seduced her against her will, or else see her father hung.

This is unsolvable, perhaps, in any way except the one Norma takes—which is a way that leaves no eyes dry in the theatre.

The setting before which Helen Hayes plays this brief flutter of gayety and emotion, ending in love and death, is small-town social life in the South, with its new country clubs and flappers and its old-fashioned fathers and codes of honor. The plot is brief. Norma Besant falls in love with a young man of pleasing personality and insufficient breeding. Her father disapproves. She tries to "handle" both men, in true Southern feminine fashion—and fails, precipitating the tragedy.

This is practically the whole story. It calls for some talk about muddle-headed chivalry opposing itself to the genuine realities of a new generation. It contains many scenes of what might be called "Southern Tarkington," which are equally touched with laughter and tears. And there is in it an almost unforgetable portrait by Miss Hayes of a youthful coquette's progress from superficial flirtation and light caresses to an almost unbearably tragic situation wherein love has gone forever and life has lost its attraction.

Beyond this it might be called a tract against what has been termed one of the most contemptible of men—the "possessive" father: the man who loves his own ego and his own ideas of what constitutes happiness for his daughter far more than he does the daughter herself. In this case the father's failure really to love his daughter intelligently is made all the sharper by the traditional Southern training which he has given her—a chivalric "protection" which has deprived her of any means of knowing how to meet the realities of life for herself, and has substituted for it his own pistol.

The humor and sanity of the play nevertheless keep it from being a tract on anything so definite as this, and allow it to remain a piece of human nature poignantly and honestly portrayed. For the father is, in reality, but one outstanding character in the midst of a tragedy of youth, not the least of which is Norma's kid brother—as excellent a characterization of a young Southern gentleman of eighteen as we have ever seen. Tarkington himself never did anything so good.

The play is "theatre," of course, and not a transcription of life. But the proof of its vitality lies in the fact that it is possible to argue seriously concern-

(Continued on page 371)

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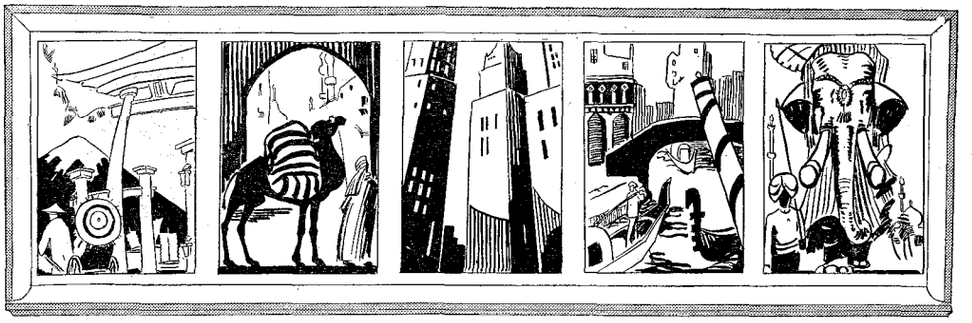

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

THE RICHES OF THE EARTH—the raw materials of civilization lying undeveloped in the ground—are the stakes for which nations compete today. Observers interested in the trend of international affairs need to watch closely events in this sphere of rivalry.

Two contests involving American interests in the Near East have recently been decided. Both of them were primarily contests with Great Britain.

The first of these concerned the famous Mosul petroleum fields, now included in the Kingdom of Irak in Asia Minor, which British authorities control under a mandate of the League of Nations. Five leading American oil companies have been claiming a share in the development of these fields, and the State Department has extended the scope of the "Open Door" doctrine from the Far East to the Near East to back them up. The Americans have now won their point in an agreement giving them a quarter share in the so-called Turkish Petroleum Company, which will direct the exploitation of the oil deposits. Three other groups—British, Dutch, and French—are to have equal shares. So a troublesome international economic difficulty has been ironed out.

The second contest was between British, American, and Continental European syndicates for a concession to develop the mineral deposits of the Dead Sea basin—called by the London "Times" "the most coveted prize in the way of development concessions which has been competed for in modern times." Experts say that it includes practically inexhaustible supplies of potash, chiefly used as a fertilizer, and accumulations of various other minerals valuable in modern chemical industry. This concession the Colonial Office in London and the British-controlled Governments of Palestine and Transjordania awarded to the British bidders.

THE SIGNIFICANCE *of competitions for control of the resources of the soil appears clearly in an article by Dr. Edwin E. Slosson in "Science Service," in which he points out that the widespread dominion of the white nations is based on their mastery of chemistry. This power has made it possible for them to use the energies and properties stored in minerals as no other race has done, and so to develop a stronger and more complex civilization. The nation controlling the greatest share of such natural wealth and able to make the most effective use of it has the best chance to survive and to grow.*

BRATIANU is taking a relentless grip on Rumania. The Premier is practically a dictator under the Regency acting for the five-year-old boy King Mihai. He is fighting the attempt of Mihai's father, the former Crown Prince Carol, to return from exile in Paris to the throne in Bucharest. He has had Carol's emissary, Manoilescu, arrested and put on trial as a conspirator against the state.

For the prosecution of his campaign, Bratianu has instituted a censorship of all periodicals and introduced in the Parliament a bill imposing imprisonment and fines for any person who by word, writing, or other means attempts falsely to criticise the institutions or the legality of the Government or to cause a revolt. And he is said to have threatened, if members of the royal family opposed him, to declare a republic. But Rumania now is a kingdom in name only; for all actual purposes, so long as the present system lasts, it is a Bratianu property.

AIR MAIL SERVICE *between France and South America is to be started next year—the first between the Old and the New World. The French Government has assumed financial support for the project, following the flight of Costes and Le Brix from Paris to Buenos Aires. American business men who have read recently that the export trade of the United States with Latin America is greater than the combined shares of France, Germany, and Great Britain may see in that report one reason for French readiness to back such a venture. The news from Paris indicates a spirit of enterprise more awake to modern opportunities than our own. If our airplanes can fly from North America to Europe and to Hawaii, why not to South America?*

CHANG TSO-LIN—so the Nanking Nationalists declare—aspires to become Emperor of China. Chang is the ex-bandit who rules the three provinces of Manchuria from his personal capital at Mukden, and who has become dictator of northern China and Generalissimo of the allied armies supporting the rather fictitious Peking Government. While the report emanates from his enemies, it may not be without truth. He has climbed a long way since his days as a robber chief, and may be ambitious to go still higher. But with China a chaos and the southern Nationalists in arms against him, he is still far from being ruler of all China.

The only man who has tried to play the rôle of Emperor since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty was a much stronger and wiser man, Yuan Shih-kai. He died a sudden and suspicious death. The return of the boy Emperor, Hsuan Tung, from confinement in the old Imperial palace grounds to power for three days in 1917 is hardly to be counted. He is the only legitimate heir to the title of "Son of Heaven." And the

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Dragon Throne has proved to be uncomfortably near heaven for a son of earth like Chang.

THE THREE PRINCIPLES—*not "the three R's"—make up the primer for modern Chinese schools. These are the principles of the dead leader of the Nationalist revolution, Sun Yat-sen. The main drive of this primer is against the foreign Powers and foreign settlements and concessions in China, and the conclusion of its teaching is that foreigners rob and victimize China. It is something for the Western nations to think about, when that belief is being spread systematically among Chinese children.*

AN AMERICAN still in his thirties—S. Parker Gilbert, Agent-General for Reparation Payments—practically holds the economic life of Germany in his hands. He does so, it is true, by sanction of the German Government, under the Dawes Plan. But his personal authority is immense.

He warned Germany lately that she was proposing to pay out too much in civil service salaries and pensions and was allowing too free borrowing and spending by the municipalities and Federal States. The result was a sharp drop in the value of German securities on the Berlin Stock Exchange and other markets, a warning from Washington that the State Department would exercise a stricter supervision over flotation of German loans in the American market, and an indication from German officials that the proposed salary expenditures would be cut down. Germany shows her resentment of the lesson read her by this young mentor, but she inclines to do what he says, for he represents the financial and political power of the Allies and the United States.

MOROCCAN BANDITS *have carried away captive into the inconveniently inaccessible retreats of the Atlas Mountains two young Frenchmen—one a nephew of the French Resident-General, Steeg—and two women. They now demand as ransom 1,500,000 francs, food supplies, and manufactured implements—and a phonograph. They are especially particular about the phonograph. All that trouble for a talking machine! A chance for a wide-awake advertising representative. The French are preparing to bargain with a phonograph, a set of records, and a radio outfit.*

ORDER IN IRELAND has a margin of safety of one more vote. President Cosgrave and the Government party lately won a by-election, and their balance of power in Parliament against De Valera and his republican faction is now seven instead of six. De Valera has introduced two bills—one to repeal the severe Public Safety Act passed after the killing of Kevin O'Higgins, late Vice-President of the Council of Ministers, and one to relieve officials from the oath of allegiance to the King. His first motion lost on a test vote, after a long debate which showed the forces of the Government standing firm. His second motion has not come up.

Nothing daunted, De Valera is planning to raise funds in the United States to establish a republican daily newspaper in Dublin. He got money here before out of credulous enthusiasts for the Sinn Fein movement, and he may be able to do it again. But since those days the picture has changed, with the peace treaty with England and the withdrawal from Ireland of British forces, and American sympathies are with the established Irish Free State.

Lights Down

(*Continued from page 369*)

ing the ethics of the three principal characters.

Not even Helen Hayes's personality can overshadow its genuine appeal.

IT was perhaps unfortunate that we saw "And So To Bed" on the evening following "Coquette." For our impression of this play was that undoubtedly many people would like it, but we found it difficult to think of just the one.

"And So To Bed" is a presentation in dramatic form of what purposes to be a sequel to Pepys's Diary, and so requires the putting on the stage of a character who was occasionally amusing, but generally a bore—a difficult matter for a playwright to handle. In the writing of it Mr. Fagan has had the good sense to give opportunity for the singing of some of the most beautiful seventeenth-century ballads we have heard in a long time. However, most of the rest of the play seemed to us only so-so, with fairly obviously done humor which somehow seemed to amuse the large audience.

F. R. B.

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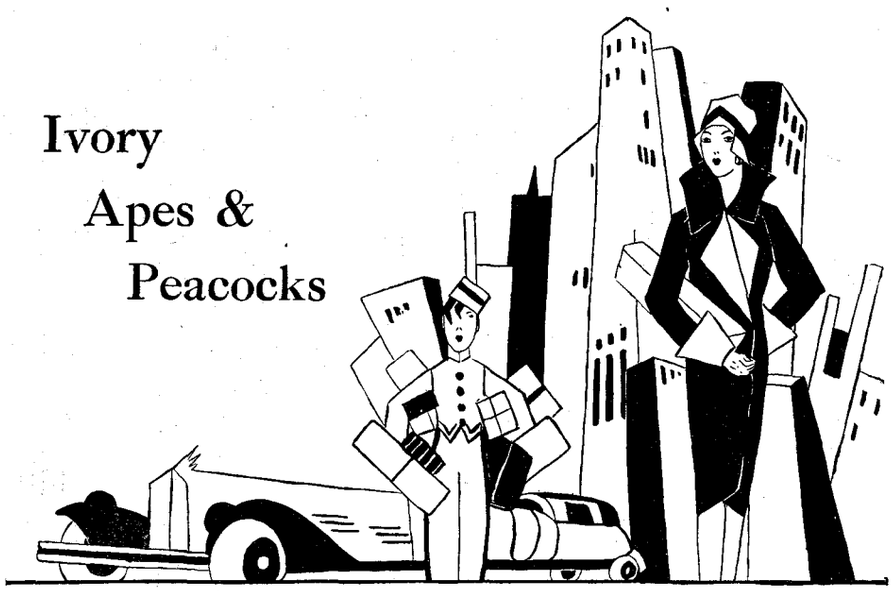
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

THE citizen who carried a horse chestnut around in his pocket as insurance against rheumatism and who drank celery tonic for his nerves is almost extinct. We no longer believe all we hear and all we read. Advertisers of quack nostrums have been probably the first to discover this. A little education may be a dangerous thing, but it induces a healthy skepticism, and the gentleman who used to wear an electric belt next to his skin, and who went to bed with a contraption buckled around his ankle, the other end of which rested in a glass of water, now demands some sort of scientific proof that he's really getting what he paid for.

This is all to the good for the man who makes something of real value. The window glass, for instance, which admits the ultra-violet rays of the sunlight. There is scientific proof both of the value of these rays and of the fact that this glass, unlike ordinary window glass, transmits them. We pass the greater portion of our lives under glass, like hothouse plants, and until recently we haven't realized what we have been losing.

Certain bacteria can live quite happily, increase and multiply, under glass. For them to creep out into the open sunshine is to commit swift suicide. Under the ultra-violet rays they at once lose their animation and then curl up and die. Moreover, the ultra-violet rays stimulate growth. Children in schoolrooms furnished with this new glass improve in health and grow nearly twice as fast as those in rooms furnished with ordinary window glass, as any doctor will tell you. For these reasons many people are using the new glass in their homes. It is also being used in schoolrooms, office buildings, and wherever people—children particularly—spend much of their time.

Another development of the same idea is the wire mesh coated with a translucent material which admits ultra-violet rays. This is used for plant frames and chicken-houses, as both plants and chickens grow much better when exposed to direct sunlight.

Speaking of glass, the non-shatterable glass for automobile windshields should interest you if you drive a car and plan to run into any trees or telegraph poles or rival motorists during the coming season. This glass will break, but it won't shatter. Hit it with a hammer and it cracks into tiny pieces, but the pieces won't fly.

WE came hurriedly downstairs the other morning and took an unexpected toboggan ride out through the front door on the small rug that lies at the foot of the stairs. Since which we have shown great interest in the linings that are made to give rugs softness and to prevent them from slipping. One of these that we have seen, Ozite, is a hair lining with a honeycomb surface which sticks to the floor closely. It is said also to mothproof the rugs, and unquestionably makes them lie closer and flatter, and wear longer. They are pleasanter to walk on, too.

We saw also rugs woven to imitate the old hooked rugs which have been so much in demand along with the rest of the early American house furnishings in the past few years. Many of the old patterns have been used in these rugs, which are not expensive, and can be had in all sizes. Altman's, where we saw these, has also a splendid stock of the genuine hooked rugs.

We saw here, too, a new broadloom chenille carpet in a two-tone leaf pattern which can be had in widths from nine to thirty feet. Patterned carpets have not before been available in these widths. The design is quiet and dignified, and there is a good variety in color.

We learned also that the old Victorian carpet patterns are coming back—large bunches of flowers on a colored background, with a border to match. We saw several of these, and it seemed to us that they were much less garishly obtrusive than those over which many years ago our battalions of lead soldiers marched and counter-marched between the sofa and the fireplace and the table. And there's a sort of elegance about them, if you know what we mean.

Spanish rugs are not as well known as they perhaps should be, although so many country houses have been built of late years in Spanish style that a good many are being used. One set of hand-tufted rugs which we saw,[1] with a design taken from the ceiling of an old Spanish cloister, and worked out in soft browns and greens and blues, was distinctly interesting, and of exactly the character to fit rooms furnished with the spoils of old Spanish houses.

WE have always wanted to own a crystal ball—partly because we think crystal balls are nice to look at, and partly because they have been used for so many centuries in divining the future. We would like to have one of our own, and put it on a black-velvet cushion and gaze earnestly into its depths. We feel that we might perhaps foresee the course of coming events, and then we could set up as a fortune-teller and advise you concerning your investments.

We saw a huge nine-inch crystal ball among the Chinese things which Wanamaker has recently imported. We gazed

[1] Wanamaker's.

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into it for a time, but the conditions weren't right and we didn't get anything, so we tore ourself away and looked at some of the other things. There were two jade screens—small oblong slabs of milky jade, beautifully carved and set in carved bases. There were intricately and delicately carved snuff bottles, and a set of jade palace bowls, and two figures, perhaps eighteen inches high, each carved from one piece of coral. Then there is a set of palace furniture in cinnabar lacquer, and a little figure of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, in the rare Imperial emerald jade, and many agate and crystal and rose quartz carvings. These things, while they would be called museum pieces, are very beautiful, and should interest any one who cares for beautiful things. W. R. B.

Our Prejudices

(*Continued from page 365*)

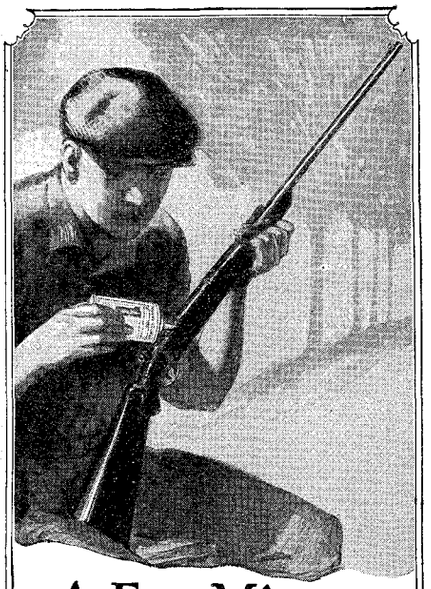
our accepted machinery for ascertaining fact and thus administering justice, that procedure and its findings must be accepted as final and adequate to the task. Such assumption is in many ways unscientific. Since other countries use modified or quite different procedures, which in this instance might well have led to a different verdict (especially if "not proven" were an alternative and unanimity of the jury were not required), we must be prepared to question whether this procedure is effective when feeling runs high. I find in The Outlook's letters a cited statement of an "able legal authority" that is the most specific I have met. It reads:

> There is no system of procedure in the world that *could* not have been and *would* not have been, all other circumstances being the same, used for the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. There is no procedure in the world that could not have been and would not have been used to free them, if that had been the will of the community, and this refers not only to what Judge Thayer might have done but to what the Supreme Court of Massachusetts might have done.

This goes beyond what the psychologist would venture in estimating the rôle of cumulative private conviction (or taking sides through sympathy) as against the objective procedure of the courts, which can never be more objective than the psychological frailties of judge and jurors permit. Here is an opinion to be pondered seriously in all such controversial issues.

DEMOCRACY is committed not only to freedom of opinion, but encourages and sets store by the participation by the people in all matters of public concern. It cannot make an exception of legal trials. It is not a well-considered view to hold that we should try cases only in court, and not in the newspapers and wherever men do congregate. There will be judgments wherever there is interest; and with the constant clashes of interest that modern political life provides there will be occasions for strong feelings that may easily get out of hand and induce violence in the irresponsible, unwise repression and aggravating lack of consideration in the controlling majority whose will is law. A workable *modus vivendi* of diverse interests and views implies tolerant discussion. "It is futile," writes the editor of The Outlook, "to fight ideas, even wrong ideas, with the knout, the gun, the guillotine, or the electric chair." There are far more effective and tolerant ways of serving the cause of justice in a democracy. I still entertain the hope that in the next issue that excites sharp differences of opinion we shall be prepared to employ them.

There is some ground for this prospect in the case reviewed. The many delays, though in the main to be ascribed to unsuitable procedure, may be interpreted as a desire to give the defendants every opportunity that the law permits to prove their innocence. In this, as in many another issue, there is a majority, well-intrenched popular position, and a minority, struggling, unpopular, often rebellious protest. Prejudice is rarely evenly distributed. The obligation of the finer example rests upon the advantaged group. The intolerance, often more properly the unwisdom and fanaticism, of the radical temperament is a definite factor in the clash of opinion that this batch of protests registers. The radical clientele, as I have encountered it, contains a deplorably large proportion of ill-balanced, neurotically aggressive, or suspicious minds; it is not an easy body, political or social, to assimilate. It must depend (and in this it is not exceptional) upon the wisdom of the responsible leaders. That in this instance the cause appealed to many of literary and artistic tendencies naturally intensified the hostility that sets the tough-minded against the tender-minded; this psychological reconciliation is equally a problem in democratic adjustment which suspects even as it lauds education. Every generation makes as well as follows tradition. My school history pictured the Boston Common as a grazing ground for freedom. The use of it on Sunday afternoons for all sorts of propaganda seemed a wholesome avenue of escape for repressed emotions and distressed opinions. Its harsh closure to the case of the nameless ones, scattering an orderly crowd by mounted police, seemed out of harmony with the tradition. Yet the tradition remains and represents the bigger and better Americanism.



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A Word More About Cats

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN a moment of carelessness I recently poked a little fun at cats in these columns. My misstep, like all fallings from grace, has been well punished, for more correspondents have pointed out my ignorance of the biography and charms of *Felis domestica* than have ever protested at my erroneous opinions on art, politics, or even religion. It appears to be as dangerous—if one wants to avoid broken friendships—to talk about cats as to talk about prohibition.

In the article in question (entitled "Feline Culprits and Canine Companions," in The Outlook for October 19) I expressed surprise that Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, one of the most accomplished of contemporary men of letters, should entertain the laudatory estimate of cats which he does when the weight of literary testimony is against the cat and for the dog as a domestic pet. Giving a very brief and inadequate sketch of the place of the dog in literature, I asked, with the innocence of ignorance, I fear, if Professor Phelps could furnish an equal list of essayists or poets who are advocates of the cat?

PROFESSOR PHELPS has not yet had time to reply, but other defenders of the cat have stepped into the breach, and I record below some of their all too accurate thrusts, parrying these thrusts, as well as an awkward fencer can, whenever an opening discloses itself. The first stroke comes from a lady in Pennsylvania, who wields a slender but pointed blade:

Dear Mr. Abbott:

Did you forget Kipling's "The Cat that Walked by Himself"?—the most perfect appreciation and description of cat nature and cat behavior in the language, I suppose.

G. W. S.

I did indeed; I clean forgot it. But I remember "Garm—A Hostage" and "Giving your heart to a dog to tear." The story of the bull terrier Garm and of Stanley Ortheris, one of Kipling's "soldiers three," is unsurpassed as a portrayal of the mutual devotion of a man and a dog. Kipling must be counted among the dog lovers.

ANOTHER lady, this time from Washington, writes as follows:

My dear Sir:

Writers have told me of their gratification in receiving letters of appreciation from strangers, and so it may give you "harmless pleasure" to be told of my enjoyment of your articles in The Outlook, and that I often turn to them first of all when my copy arrives. . . . But it is regrettable that you cannot discover spiritual qualities in cats. I could easily make you "sensible of feline charms" if time permitted.

A. W. S.

You certainly could, dear madam. I have almost succumbed to your flattery as it is. But I resist. I will not be corrupted by a compliment! *Vade retro, Satanas!* Though I burn, I will not retract. Down with the cat! Long live the dog!

ANOTHER correspondent, a man and a New Yorker, deals me, alas! a blow below the belt:

Dear Mr. Abbott:

I was very much interested in your current article "Feline Culprits and Canine Companions," inspired by the column of Professor William Lyon Phelps. While I hold no brief for the cat as a companion, much preferring the dog, it seems as though you had omitted certain considerations of the cat in order to strengthen your argument.

In recalling my scant knowledge of early art and architecture, I remember no instance where the dog has occupied the exalted position of the cat. It needs but a turning to the Valley of the Kings to find the cat as a sacred emblem of the early Egyptians. In fact, it ranked on a par with the bull and with the sacred ram of the Byzantine Empire. . . .

True, as a friend, stanch companion, defender, the dog seems far preferable, but in art, mythology, and architecture the cat reigns supreme.

All this is by way of interested comment, nor is it intended to be critical of the article. Your articles are always a source of joy to me, and often as you have made a point I have exclaimed, "Bravo!" I look forward to them eagerly each week.

R. E. W.

Now wouldn't that jar you? A man professing devotion to the dog and loyalty to me thus, with short shrift, casts me over to the feline mercies of the janizaries of the cat! But I can still argue. I have been in some of the tombs of the kings in the Valley of the Nile. Although it was seventeen years ago, I distinctly recall some beautifully carved friezes with many figures of hunting dogs of the greyhound type, but not one cat. In my four folio volumes of Theodore Davis and Flinders Petrie, describing the excavations and discoveries in the Valley of the Kings, there are several references to carvings of dogs, but not a mention of cats. Pythagoras, who got his doctrine of the transmigration of souls from the Egyptians, said that the qualities of the dog make that animal the most suitable to receive the spirit of man. I do not want to be transmigrated into any animal, but, if I must, let it be Kerry, an Irish setter, whom I know and love.

TWO more ladies are to be heard from, and then I am done. Says the first, writing from Texas:

Tut, tut, Mr. Abbott! How can a man of your standing in letters ask the question, "Can Professor Phelps furnish an equal list of writers or poets who are advocates of the cat?" Professor Phelps may be too busy a man to furnish the list, and so I answer—impolitely, perhaps—the question directed at him. Not only writers and poets but leaders in other fields of endeavor are advocates of the cat.

Do you really mean to say that you have never read or heard of Agnes Repplier's "Fireside Sphinx"? Hie yourself forthwith to a public library for a glance at this gem of literature. Make the acquaintance of Agrippina and other famous felines. I promise you much enjoyment and some correct information. . . . I believe if you were to read the "Fireside Sphinx," Carl Van Vechten's "Tiger in the House," or Winslow's "Concerning Cats" your fairness would lead you to correct your interpretation. . . . See if you can get a translation from the Danish of the exquisitely sympathetic "Grey Puss." . . . Have you never heard of "Puss in Boots"? Nor of

(Continued on page 380)

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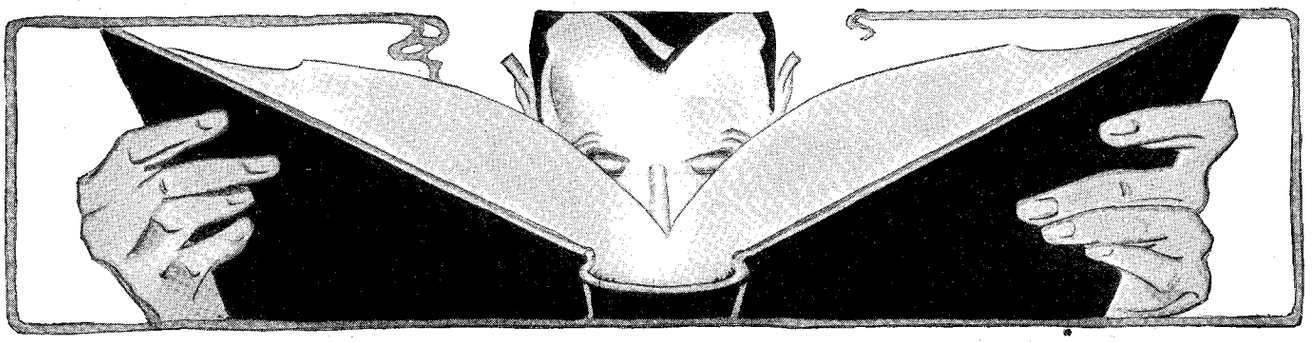

Insufficient Magic

By GEORGE O'NEIL

THIS autumn's output of verse, including several anthologies besides the offerings of a goodly number of individual writers, sees a further diminution in the poetry promise so roundly given not long ago. To one observer, at any rate, the seasons have appeared increasingly lean; not so much due to the growing reluctance of publishers to print poetry as to the progressive sterility of the poetic energy itself, manifest in those books that are chosen as worthy of these stricter times.

In the dozen-odd most prominent books of verse issued this autumn the general achievement is not enheartening. It is, in fact, decidedly dampening to any one not prone to extend indulgence for the sake of nurturing unexceptional talents.

The level of competence and facility in the writing of contemporary verse has been sufficiently remarked. A surprising number of American and English writers of verse are strikingly capable in the arrangement of phrase and line. Many of them have as their most arresting gift an effective intellectualizing propensity. Their best production is often attractive and diverting, and one assumes that the intention of these writers could not be, reasonably, to do more than interest or divert their admirers. Besides such practitioners there are a few men writing today in great sincerity and from valid poetic persuasion. These are not the young men, and they are speaking, largely, in reflective verse. The relentless, impassioned performer of new magic—unmistakable living poetry—has not been acclaimed if he exists today. The tantalizing past decade has made us feel that such a man might be about to emerge in the field of poetry. So much dexterity has caused us to hope for the incontestable passion and wonder of a new poet. The dexterity flourishes. Here and there are evident a thrust or tone of vitality and elegance. The writers of verse appear to be enjoying themselves with a minimum of misgiving. Poetry, one would venture to say, has seldom been so complacent.

OF the anthologies offered at this moment, perhaps the most noteworthy is "A Miscellany of American Poetry, 1927," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. This is an annual publication sponsored by Louis Untermeyer. It prints the work of a few poets who choose to appear together. New contributors are invited from time to time, selecting from their work verse which has not been published in book form. Reappearing this year, among others, are Conrad Aiken, H. D., Robert Frost, Alfred Kreymborg, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Elinor Wylie. Conrad Aiken's ironic love songs are interesting, showing a greater concision than his work commonly owns. But Aiken is moving into the aridity of the job-moderns in some of the work he prints in this anthology. The monotony and preciousness of the word-foolers are in the longer poems he has included here. Robinson Jeffers is represented most auspiciously by some sonnets. His landscape poems suffer from that confusion and overwrought emotionalizing which appears in so much of his work. He is among the new contributors this year, with Leonie Adams. Miss Adams is able to throw the light and glamour of poetry into her lines, but she is disappointingly vague at times, and indulges in excessive word-patterning for its own sake. She has a habit of distorting the parts of speech and interrupting the effect of her poem. As an example of this, in "Ghostly Tree," one of her most successful distillations of luster, she says:

> Bound by these frail which dangle at
> your branch.

The adjective for the noun in speaking of leaves is an ineffective trick, one of those annoying trippers in the sense of a line. In another place Miss Adams exercises her harmful arbitrary speech:

> When the whole charity of love
> Could nothing, to my sight there
> passed,
> If the wide eye might open again.

She is good enough to take pains against these patches of nothingness.

Another anthology is Countee Cullen's collection of Negro verse, "Caroling Dusk," issued by Harpers. This book is appealing for its own sake, and for the reason that it affords a Negro poet's selection of what appeals most to him in the work of his own race. Countee Cullen's work is the most ingratiating in the volume. But, on the whole, the book is disappointing. There is a great deal of material which is not valuable at all except on the ground which Cullen himself deprecates—an appeal, not of the writing as verse, but as documentary expression of the Negro. There are passages of new vitality, notably in the writing of Langston Hughes and in that of Claude McKay. But for quoting from this anthology we should turn first to the pages of the compiler and choose these lines as an indication of his excellence:

> And you and I, shall we lie still,
> John Keats, while beauty summons
> us?
> Somehow I feel your sensitive will
> Is pulsing up some tremulous
> Sap road of a maple tree, whose
> leaves
> Grow music as they grow, since your
> Wild voice is in them, a harp that
> grieves
> For life that opens death's dark door.

(Continued on page 383)

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Nymph and Faun

"THE Constant Nymph," the first of Margaret Kennedy's books to be published in America, flourished on the strength of its characters. The same will prove true of "Red Sky at Morning." The people in it live and move and three of them are capable of reaching out of the pages and curling themselves into the reader's heart. They arouse that genuine and unreasoning tenderness and pity which makes the book absorbing while one reads it, and, when the reading is done, leaves one for a while helpless under a weight of depression.

Wit, poetic feeling, and flexible and fluent style enrich this moving and eminently readable book, but nevertheless it is not so good as "The Constant Nymph." A novelist of Margaret Kennedy's type, upon whose work even the most enthusiastic or the most sanguine cannot look as a permanent contribution to literature, must do better each time she writes a new book. Just as well will not quite do. Even so, "Red Sky" is far above the average current novel.

In the story many readers will discover a reminder of some old gossip of literary circles. But that doesn't matter—no plot is new. The story will do. But the working out of the theme, unless this reviewer is mistaken as to what that theme is, does not quite come off. An enchanting, and haplessly enchanted, pair of twins, growing up under the ominous red sky of their father's trial for murder and dubious acquittal, are doomed from the beginning to be lost in the storm which that lurid dawn portends. But the reader is not convinced that this was a necessary doom. The author's reiteration of its inevitability and her use throughout of the symbolic *leit motif* of fate do not succeed. But it is possible that she did not intend that they should; she may have meant these brave young figures to have been pushed to their tragedy solely by the operation of their own characters. If so, she was successful. It was their very twinship that doomed them.

There is a constant nymph in "Red Sky," but no pitiful death comes at the last to save her from inconstancy. Her tragedy is the universal one of the nymph who surrenders to pursuit, because a nymph's life is too hard, and who must endure, nevertheless, a metamorphosis—the eternal one from nymph to woman. And there is her twin brother and male prototype, the egocentric creature of decent impulse, childish trustfulness, and pure heart, caught in the toils of a cynical and self-seeking world, and driven finally to murder his way out. The Florence (was not that her name?) of "The Constant Nymph" is repeated in the Philip of this book, a figure comfortably easy to comprehend and to sympathize with, as she was. Some of the other characters are new and well drawn, some are the old bohemians in new settings under new names, but good as ever. And there is a new villain, and a successful one. One's dislike for him grows from the first pages, and his demise is greeted with applause. It was time that somebody murdered a toady. But one wishes that the constant faun need not have been the one to do it.

What They Are Reading

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS is compiled from lists sent us by telegram on Saturday by the following bookshops: Brentano's, New York; Old Corner Book Store, Boston; Scrantoms Inc., Rochester; Korner & Wood, Cleveland; Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney, St. Louis; Kendrick Bellamy Company, Denver; Teolin Pillot Company, Houston; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. We asked these stores to co-operate with us each week because we believe that they are representative of the taste of the more intelligent readers in their communities. The books which are most in demand in these shops are usually those which are most discussed. We believe that they are the books which Outlook readers will want to know more about.

Fiction

KITTY. By Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.

You will find no surprises, pleasant or otherwise, in this well-machined story of post-war England. Lifelike characters and "wholesome" sentiment in Deeping's dependable style are to be found, but none of the charm of "Sorrell & Son."

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co.

The characters are caricatures, but good ones, and the commonplace story is set in a fresh and agreeable setting. Reviewed in our issue of November 2.

RED SKY AT MORNING. By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Reviewed in this number.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.

If you are pleased by fine writing, romantic setting and incident, and richly colored figures, you cannot but enjoy this moving imaginative biography.

DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamond Lehmann. Henry Holt & Co.

This is widely read and much praised. You will find it a young poet's novel, and if you do not tire of the humorless, adolescent emotionalism of its characters you will enjoy its beauties. It is rich in promise.

Non-Fiction

TRADER HORN. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.

For adventure and romance you cannot do better than this. Reviewed in our issue of last week.

NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co.

You and all your family will delight in these amusing and delicately charming verses. There is nothing quite so good as the best of "When We Were Very Young," but there is pleasure enough for readings and re-readings.

OUR TIMES. Vol. II—America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons.

If you are interested in knowing something about the how and why of present-day America, you will find much of it here. This is the second volume of a social history of our times, packed with information and with entertainment as well, written in the best journalistic style. The first part of the book, devoted to a study of the elements which have gone into the making of the current American mind, is especially valuable. To the student and the onlooker, to the participant in American

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life, no more stimulating book could be found.

MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

If you are genuinely interested in social conditions in India, especially in regard to sex questions, you will find much information here. But if you are merely looking for exciting or harrowing detail try to find it elsewhere. Fair-minded readers will also want to read Indian and Anglo-Indian comment on this book.

BISMARCK. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co.

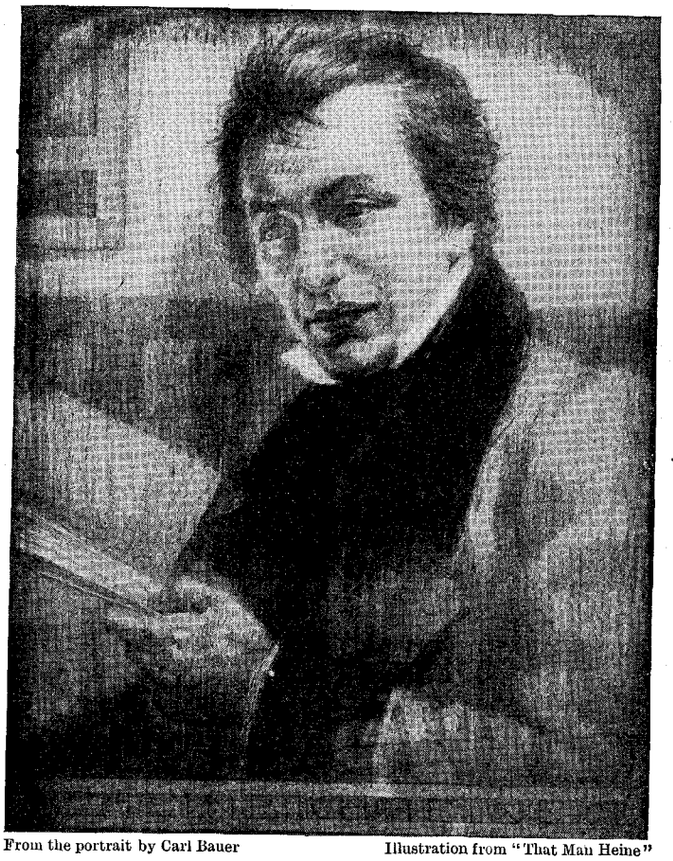
If you enjoy biography, you cannot find better reading than this. Ludwig's style annoys some people, but he uses it to great dramatic effect. Although he presupposes in his readers more knowledge of nineteenth-century Germany than most of us have, he paints a grand and stirring portrait of a great genius.

The Inevitable Leeway

Warriors and Poets

BIOGRAPHY bulks as large as fiction on the publishers' lists. From being a subject requiring special scholarship, involving much labor, and appealing to the limited public of people really interested in history in its many branches, biography has become everybody's pleasure to read and, it sometimes seems, anybody's pastime to write. Whence comes this large new public, buying, reading, discussing, clamoring for more biography?

It has grown with the growing concern about other people's lives, and may be attributed, according to your fancy, to increased transportation facilities, short skirts, radio, newspaper scandal stories, party wires, or popular psychoanalysis. But, so far as the reading public is concerned, the psychological novel is probably the nigger in the woodpile. The reader, often an inveterate one, of "good old-fashioned stories" has not been very well taken care of for some time. He makes up, after all, the mass of the reading public, and he is fed up with the psychological novel. He is told *too much* about the people in it, and they have ceased to live for him. Every impulse that goes through their nervous systems, every vague shadow that passes over their minds, is detailed for him. He cannot know so much about actual people. He himself, even, becomes vague when too closely inquired into. He is tired of the psychological novel, and he finds the nearest thing to what he wants in reading in the biographies of the great and strange.



From the portrait by Carl Bauer — Illustration from "That Man Heine"

Heinrich Heine

As for the writing of biography—the demand creates the supply. The comparative fluency of many pens, the wide diffusion of small talents in writing and the paucity of great—these make for the writing of biography.

Biography has reached the output point where it can be profitably divided into two kinds, the factual and the interpretative. The latter will necessarily partake of the former, but the factual biography has little to do with the psychological interpretation of its subject.

The best factual biography of the autumn seems to this reviewer to be Liam O'Flaherty's "Life of Tim Healy" (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3.75). The worst—the dullest—Sir Sidney Lee's "King Edward VII" (the Macmillan Company, $8.50), the second volume, covering the reign of that monarch. Between these come some fifteen or twenty books of varying interest. You may select your country or your period and find a book to fit. Russia: Prince Felix Youssoupoff in "Rasputin" (Lincoln MacVeagh, the Dial Press, $5) gives a participator's account of the murder of that sinister figure; Vladimir Poliakoff in "The Tragic Bride" (D. Appleton & Co., $3) tells the whole of the late Czarina's story in the apt selection of his title. The United States: "'Boss' Tweed," by Denis T. Lynch (Boni & Liveright, $4), is rather a picture of New York in the heydey of political bribery and spoliation, riot, murder, and general violence; "Alfred E. Smith," by Henry F. Pringle (Macy-Masius, $3), is a first-class campaign document, although not designed for that purpose, apparently fair-minded, and certainly interesting.

But it is the interpretative biography which is more generally interesting and more frequently attempted. Strachey, Ludwig, Carl Sandburg, Gamaliel Bradford, come at once to mind as its most able practitioners.

Of its lesser lights, this winter list has some shining examples. Harold Nicolson in "Some People" (Houghton Mifflin Company, $2.50) has used his academic and diplomatic experience as the groundwork for a series of wise and clever sketches of conspicuous English figures. He is inclined to preciousness in style, a shade too much manner, but he provides high entertainment for the reader, and his approach to his subjects is original and stimulating. If one prefers a whole book devoted to one subject rather than a series of sketches, as much entertainment can be had from "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne," by F. J.

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By
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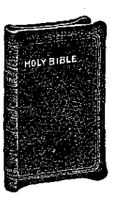

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Important to Subscribers

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Hudleston (the Bobbs-Merrill Company, $5). No one who would have written a dull life of this Gilbert-and-Sullivan general would have chosen to write about him at all. Hudleston rejoices in the absurdities of the man whom Cornwallis damned as the "biggest blockhead and sycophant he had ever known." As a tactician, an amorist, a writer of "pieces" (which suggest Beatrice Lillie and her spear-bearers), and grandiloquent orator Burgoyne provides the perfect target for Hudleston's shafts. Another general, as great a contrast as possible, is the protagonist of a biography written with such direct and sincere simplicity that the reader of it is fired with much of the author's evident enthusiasm. Andrew Jackson in Gerald W. Johnson's book of that name (Minton, Balch & Co., $3.50) steps out of the misty pageant of the past and becomes an exciting human figure, the typical popular hero.

The foreword to "Julius Cæsar and the Grandeur that Was Rome," by Victor Thaddeus (Brentano's, $5), is undignified and the illustrations are remarkably vulgar in concept and execution. They sound the note for the book, which is constantly promising with wealth of scholarship and constantly disappointing with outlook and style inadequate to the scope and weight of the subject. There is an easy transition, apparent especially after one has read the Russell book, from man of action to man of dreams, by way of John Paul Jones ("John Paul Jones," by Phillips Russell; Brentano's, $5). In this romantic figure, moving through a curiously unreal career, the fighter and the poet are always shading into one another. But John Paul Jones partook of genius, and genius, whichever way it turns, is all of a piece.

Lewis Browne's "That Man Heine" (the Macmillan Company, $3) is the spirited report of investigations into the development of the poet's personality. The ill-chosen title is the only false note. Careful study and skillful selection have given excerpts from the poet's correspondence and writings which recreate him for us with clearness. The common lifelong struggle between certain artist and ineffectual social being in Heine's soul became the profound and bitter warfare of "Athenian against Nazarene." Browne has done in this book about as much as can be done to make the poet comprehensible to the ordinary mortal. George Sand, who appears in two current biographies—"George Sand: The Search for Love," by Marie Jenney Howe (the John Day Company, $5), and "The Seven Strings of the Lyre,"

Right you are
Mr. Boyd—

MR. ERNEST BOYD wrote one of the earliest reviews of Napoleon. After praising it in high terms and commenting on its fine appearance, he said: "It is the first biography of the New Year. It has every prospect of being first when this year ends." In every way his prophecy is fulfilled. It is the best and the best-selling biography of the year.

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by Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn (Houghton Mifflin Company, $4)—was another troublesome anti-social being. She has always interested as the center of a group of conspicuous personalities, and as a novelist whose work, while no longer much read, is of historical importance. That she should begin to appear as the subject of psychological studies is a part of a changing concept of women in the arts. She too went on the weary journey which is the artist's search for perfection; but because she was a woman what she sought was the perfection of love. "The poet it is Me" was her tormented protest. "They admire me, they court me, they listen to me because I am a poet; but when I have recited my verses, they forbid me to feel what I have described." She ceases in these books, and especially in Elizabeth Schermerhorn's temperate and comprehensive interpretation, to be the faintly ridiculous figure that she has been, but she does not become tragic or even touching; entertaining, exasperating, exciting, fascinating, but never deeply moving except perhaps at the end, when she said that she was glad to be old.

And for the poet's song, sung in the American key, we have Will Durant's "Transition" (Simon & Schuster, $3). It is the story of his own life, thinly disguised as the biography of a fictitious John Lemaire. The author of "The Story of Philosophy" is a clever writer, and, since the story that he has to tell is pretty well the common man's story borne through the enriching depths of an able mind, it is of general interest. His spiritual experience, the loss of faith in the simple beliefs of his fathers, is an almost universal one, and his account of it is moving. A life marked by such sharp contrasts as Jesuitism and anarchy, lurid journalism and philosophical study, makes good reading. And Durant's own experience has fortunately enabled him to give his story a happy ending. He is a philosopher particularly acceptable to his public, and as an interpretative biographer he is successful. He has learned.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

A Word More About Cats

(Continued from page 374)

Dick Whittington's cat? How about "Moumette Blanche" and "Moumette Chinoise"?

As for phrases uncomplimentary to felines that you quote as incorporated in our language, I am sure I should rather be catty than a cur. You may recall the insult that good mediæval Christians used lavishly, "Thou dog of a Jew!" Was it not Ruskin who said, "Shameless as a dog"? And delicacy almost forbids me to remind you that two of the figures of opprobrium most hostilely received of any are derived from canine sources.

M. W. M.

Since I must protect myself from this very clever onset, I shall not let a sense of delicacy prevent my retorting that the term of opprobrium to which my correspondent alludes refers to "the female of the species, more deadly than the male." The dog ought not to be made to suffer for the feminine frailties of his race.

I confess that I have never seen Carl Van Vechten's "Tiger in the House," Taking my correspondent's advice, I hied me to the New York Public Library in quest of it. But the librarian evidently shares my indifference to cats. He has not taken the trouble to put a copy of "The Tiger in the House" on his shelves. There may be found there, however, a cat book which for literary art is superior to any dog book that I have ever seen. I refer to "Le Chat dans la Literature et dans l'Art," by Jacqueline Conan-Fallex. Perhaps one reason why it interests me is that it gives some support to my own sentiments. It contains, for example, this opinion of cats expressed by Chateaubriand:

> What I like about the cat is her independence and freedom from sentimental gratitude, which enables her to get on without personal attachments—the indifference with which she finds herself at home, now in a drawing-room, now in her native gutters. It is true that when you caress her she arches her back, but it is from a sense of physical comfort. She has none of that silly feeling of love and loyalty which a dog displays towards his master and for which he is often repaid only with cuffs and kicks.

THE last letter I shall quote comes from a lady in California:

> Dogs have so many friends that they need no champions, but why, oh, why, the prejudice in the minds of the majority of people against cats? Would we think it fair to judge the human race by the poor unfortunates who grow up in slums and squalor, never having a chance in life? Yet thus the cat is judged, by the common alley cat who has probably never known anything but a life of starvation and struggle from the time it opened its eyes on a hard and cruel world. Take a wee, half-wild kitten and bring it into a home (I speak from experience) where it is loved and played with, and it will blossom out and display a personality that cannot be exceeded by any dog.
>
> You say in your article that you remember dog friends of yours whom you recall as distinct personalities; but of the scores of cats you have seen your memory cannot distinguish one from another. Does this not speak for itself? You have *known* dogs and merely *seen* cats. Had you known even one cat as they can be known your article would never have been written. . . .
>
> Once I was obliged to be away for three months, and left a pet cat with a friend who was most kind to her. On my return I immediately went to see my cat, though I could not take her home. She saw me coming up the drive and ran to meet me as a dog would have done. At the end of my visit, as I was about to leave, she rushed into the house, brought out her kitten in her mouth, and fought like mad to follow me, until she had to be shut up. And yet one hears that cats have "no attachment to people"! . . .
>
> For a good, faithful, loving friend give me the cat, as much as the dog, if one is willing to go to the trouble of making friends. G. H. A.

HERE the discussion must end about as it began. Those who prefer cats will continue to find them preferable; those who are dog partisans will continue in their partisanship. I think my California correspondent has most clearly revealed to me my own cat and dog psychology. No cat has ever courted my friendship; several dogs have. I have reached the time of life when I like the stream of friendship to flow by gravitation and not by pumping. I have no doubt that an alley cat, if taken young enough, can be converted into a study companion and be taught to lie on a rug at my feet as I write. But that kind of friendship by conversion I am inclined to leave to younger and more optimistic reformers.

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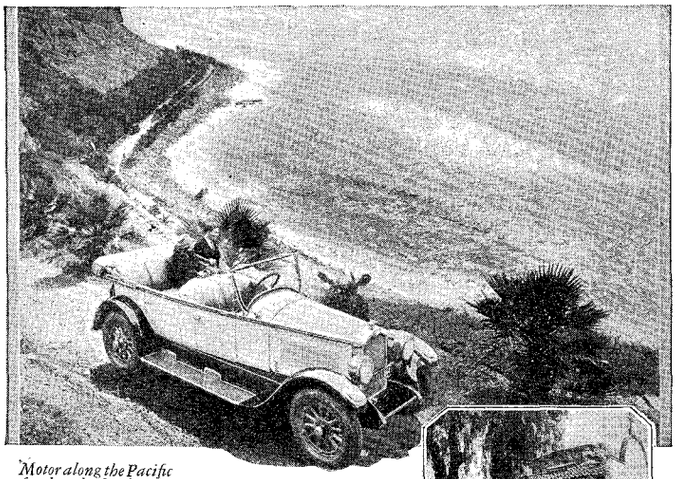

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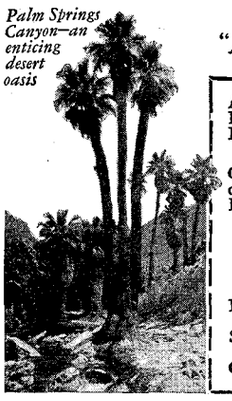

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By the Way

An honest speeder had just hit a dog and had returned to settle the damages. He looked at the dog a moment and addressed the man with the gun:

"Looks as if I'd killed your dog."

"Certainly looks that way."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Not very."

"Will five dollars be enough?"

"Well, I guess so," accepting the bill.

"Sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"Oh, I wasn't going hunting—jest going out in the woods to shoot the dog."

In the past movie studios have used salt to attain snow effects in pictures. Through experimentation it has now been proved that crushed marble brings about a more realistic touch.

"I represent a society for the suppression of profanity," said the stranger. "I want to take profanity entirely out of your life"— Then Farmer Jones shouted indoors: "Hey, mother! Here's a man that wants to buy our car."

A tourist just back from England says that travel is very broadening to the a's.

Chicago is now trying out rubber "Stop" signs on the streets where motor traffic is heavy. They will stand in only one way—upright—and if hit by a speedy driver will just bounce up again and go on signaling.

A Chinese laundry sign:

"We most cleanly and carefully wash our customers with cheap prices as under—Ladies $2.00 per hundred; gentlemen, $1.75 per hundred."

The New York tabloids' habit of putting everything in A B C form for their readers led one of them to make this news statement recently: "They have one son, a boy."

An official notice posted up in a New Hampshire village reads: "By order of the Selectmen: Cows grazing by the roadside or Riding Bicycles on the Sidewalks is Hereby Forbidden."

A freshman's card at the Lyons high school read:

Q. "Give your parents' names." *A.* "Mamma and papa."

"Tid-Bits" prints the story of the little girl who was put in an upper berth of a Pullman sleeping-car for the first time. She kept crying till her mother told her not to be afraid, because God would watch over her. "Mother, you there?" she cried. "Yes." "Father, you there?" "Yes." A fellow-passenger lost all patience at this point and shouted: "We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. All here; now go to sleep." There was a pause; then, very softly, "Mamma!" "Well?" "Was that God?"

"I am a word of five letters. Viewed from in front or behind I am the same. Though my component parts are few, when separated they represent more than two hundred. What word am I?" Answer next week.

Answer to last week's puzzle: Adherent, orchestra, betrayal, scythe, cartridge, domineer, afterglow, autumn, cantaloupe, masculine, scapegoat, labyrinth, Tannhauser, cupboard, treadmill, Wednesday.

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Insufficient Magic

(Continued from page 375)

Though dust, your fingers still can push
The vision Splendid to a birth,
Though now they work as grass in the hush
Of the night on the broad sweet page of the earth.

There are, of course, passages of good verse throughout the book, but there is a woeful amount of false writing, imitation of various schools of poetry, some of which have not been reputable in themselves.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE contributes her third anthology this year (Houghton Mifflin). The jacket claims for this volume that it includes the best work since 1919 of about one hundred and fifty outstanding poets, making, with its companion volumes, a permanent record of the choicest poetry written in our time. There are, to be sure, many true poems in Miss Rittenhouse's selection, but in numerous instances the authors have been noticed on their least happy utterances. Miss Rittenhouse includes a good many examples of the kind of verse which is written because the poets felt like writing something. Most of the well-known contemporary poets are included and a healthy score of names that claim scant eminence.

There are new books this season by John Hall Wheelock, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Lola Ridge, and a posthumous collection of Amy Lowell's last verses. From England we have a poetic play by John Masefield, an offering from Edith Sitwell, a book of rhyming by De la Mare, and a book by Humbert Wolfe. This is an assorted production affording change but no great sustenance.

Of the English books the volume by Wolfe, "Requiem," published in this country by Doran, seems the most momentous. It is an interweaving of verse in an integral design. There is height to the writing and there is passion in the expounding of the themes. The poems suffer somewhat from a use of overworked phraseology and a rather too academic substance, but there is a substance and an absence of the barrenness which makes much formal verse tiresome. One may read this book and not flag for want of support from the author himself. There is an elevation here and a body to the work.

Masefield's play is a version of "Tristan and Isolt" (Macmillan). It is arresting for its simplicity and tranquil inspection of the characters of the legend. It is not inspired and makes few transmutations of lyric force.

The De la Mare book, "Stuff and Nonsense" (Henry Holt), will probably strike those who are always struck by De la Mare. It is assuredly one of his most casual publications.

Edith Sitwell persists in the attitude she has held since her appearance as a contriver of tenuous diversions. She eschews banality as assiduously as possible, but she repeats her tricks with deadly frequency. Her confections in this volume, "Rustic Elegies" (Knopf), are a succession of airy fabrications woven of unworked words and textile allusions. A sample of the quality may serve for comment:

. . . hooded belles are seen
In the Phœbus and the Suttan pelerine,—
All kinds of watered silks those gray sprays wet,—
The gros de sidon, foulard pekinet.

There is much of this.

John Hall Wheelock in "Bright Doom" (Scribners) valiantly speaks his unmodernized poems. Certainly he is sincere, his feeling is convincing, but his diction is uncompromisingly old-school. The effect of this is to smother his emotion and inspiration in the most unprepossessing kind of rhetoric. He clings to archaic contractions and ejaculations. He is undaunted by a metaphor's age. It is a curious instance in which the poet, paradoxically, is appealing and his manner of speech is unengaging. If he would consent to whittle away the atrophied surfaces of his poems, we should have the reward of a genuinely humanistic singer, moving in his sincere compassion.

Mrs. Untermeyer's book "Steep Ascent" (Macmillan) is simple and unpretentious. Lola Ridge submits "Red Flag" (the Viking Press). There seems to be no revelation in these books. They will be enjoyed by those who are faithful readers of these writers.

Amy Lowell's last collection is called "Ballads for Sale" (Houghton Mifflin). The work in this volume is very like Amy Lowell's previous verse. There has been, perforce, less selection in this book than in any of her others. Miss Lowell did a version of "The Splendor Falls from Castle Walls" for this collection. It is an adaptation from Tennyson. It is in Miss Lowell's manner:

The windows of the gallery
Are tall, with rounded tops, so high
They cramp the ceiling. Through their panes,
Fogged and streaked with dust and rains,
An August sunshine slants and veers.

THERE is, as it will be seen, not much exuberance in the reactions of this witness to the autumn poetry production. It is to be hoped that this is but a hiatus in the progress of modern poetry. There is no reason why before a year were out we might not hope for a book to rouse us and make us tolerant toward all those who have rightly or unwarrantably striven to sustain the promise of the poetic renascence. An essentially magic voice might be heard at any moment. Those who believe that the day is unsympathetic to poetry must be heedless of the fact that never has the audience to English speech been more attentive to its meanings, and so in need of real enchantment.

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Some Readers' Comments on "Fear"

Cohasset, Massachusetts.

I HAVE read the article entitled "Fear" in your issue of November 9 and your editorial comment on the same.

I view with much apprehension the great number of murders in the United States and the small proportion of these that ever come to trial, and the small proportion of the latter that reach conviction and have the murderers executed or otherwise punished.

I also am aware that the law furnishes a great number of loopholes for the accused, and that our criminal law as a whole favors the criminal altogether too much.

The recent trial referred to in the article exemplifies these delays of the law in favor of the accused in an extreme degree. Every motion, exception, and petition for clemency was entertained in a serious manner.

To one who followed the legal proceedings it is plain that all investigations and proceedings were for the purpose of ascertaining whether the accused persons were guilty of murder.

Following the slow and careful progress of the case through the courts, the laws of Massachusetts vested in the Governor a further opportunity to pass upon the case. Governor Fuller went into the matter thoroughly and conscientiously and appointed as co-workers a committee of men eminent for character and intelligence, one of whom was the President of Harvard University. The Governor and this committee by independent investigation all found the accused men guilty of murder. I never heard of a criminal case that received so careful and painstaking investigation, and I believe the whole proceedings were impartial. I do not believe the fact that the men were Anarchists was any element in the decision.

OLIVER H. HOWE (M.D.).

Columbus, Ohio.

CONGRATULATIONS on your courage in publishing Miss Millay's "Fear."

I have read all possible stories of the trial of those "two men," and I suspect she is near the truth. I base this on years of experience as agent of the United States Department of Justice during the war, and acquaintance with criminals, and books like "You Can't Win" and "The 25th Man."

The stick-up man is usually a trained operator of some experience. They work in "mobs" like a football team. I have been wounded by them in a bank robbery.

Identification, even by a trained sleuth, is very uncertain. After a job they scatter and do not return, like these two men to the garage.

Further, during the war, I recall the race hatred shown in courts. Like that French trial, we tried, not the defendant, but opinions. I recall one "nut" of a preacher sent to Atlanta, where he died (leaving children poor, to suffer), not for any deeds done, but for opinions uttered and stubborn refusal to recant in court his disbelief of the "Belgian atrocity" story.

ROBERT E. PFEIFFER.

Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

I AM aware of the fact that there are intelligent people who have been carried away by their sympathies and emotions and who have taken the position which Miss Millay represents. One of the strangest things in contemporary life is their utter absence of sympathy for the hundreds of thousands of victims who have suffered at the hands of those who sympathized with Sacco and Vanzetti. The

See Professor Jastrow's article in this issue and our editorial comment.—The Editors.

assumption on which her whole article is based is not justified by the facts nor by the records of the case.

An English journal this summer published a severe criticism of the Massachusetts courts in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. A week or two later, having read the evidence, they had the grace to publish an apology for their former editorial.

I cannot agree with you that Miss Millay's words are quiet words with no hysteria in them. On the contrary, her baseless accusations, repeated in paragraph after paragraph, directed against all who disagreed with her, calling them ignorant, nervous, cruel, and cowardly, are nothing if they are not hysterical.

EDWARD M. NOYES.

Philadelphia.

I WISH to congratulate you on the publication of Edna St. Vincent Millay's article "Fear," appearing in the current issue of your worth-while magazine, delivered to my quarters today.

Would it be possible to secure the thoughts of another author, equally as prominent, to express the argument against that type of Greenwich Village personage you so ably reproduced in print? Why not run an article upholding the "pretty concepts" as apparently criticised by this freethinker? W. R. SMITH.

Portland, Maine.

THE November 9 issue of The Outlook came this morning, but the ironing for this family of four was so colossal that the magazine wrapper was not slipped off until this afternoon, when I dropped down on the nursery floor, at the edge of the patch of sunlight, in the middle of which a glowing three-year-old is fashioning his fancies in blocks.

"FEAR—DEATH—AFRAID—You will not sleep easy on your pillow," says Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Sprung from the same spray-dashed soil of eastern Maine, sensing the same tang of salt, but lacking in my commonness her sensitiveness of mind, I approach with more than ordinary respect and interest the message which she has for me. For the message is so personally for me, so personally for each of us reading it at this moment. And each of us will answer her. Some in words commanding attention in future Outlook pages; some in words futilely written, and as futilely mailed, as this of my own will be; and others will answer on those mental pages of theirs and mail their message in imaginings. But all of us will answer.

I've read it twice—this "Fear" of Edna Millay's. And I've opened that part of my mind again which has been closed in thankfulness these two months. I've taken out my personal ideas and opinions and lined them up against the wall again, and have given them a thorough going over in the shadow of this surging, soul-torn message. But mine is the common mind, the ordinary non-sensitive mind of the majority of people, and, no matter how much I may respect, and countless times in my perplexed non-comprehending searchings I may envy, those who possess the soul immortal, I cannot in all honesty to the only self that my average mind does know believe that, two months ago in Massachusetts, there was committed or carried out anything but justice. And I believe this, not because I wish to "lie peacefully asi on the hearth like an old dog," but beca I do some time wish to lie peacefully d as an old dog who has been faithful tc trust of his master—the trust with his of blocks in the patch of sunlight on nursery floor.

I look at this thing from the standpc of selfishness. I admit it. Selfishness all the little three-year-olds in Ameri The older ones, the spot-lighted young generation, are already bruised by t vagaries of our laws of justice. They re ize, with twisted knowing smiles, that winning case is the one with the smarter lawyer, and that the matter of innocenc or guilt lies meekly secondary. They wi always remember that hideous crime two of their own generation, that crime warped youth against childhood, and, re membering, Joliet prison is but anothe twisted smile and a shrug of the shoulde to them. This lesson of the business life, which Miss Millay tells us we ha been teaching our children is to "have you own way, and get as much as possible fo as little as possible," has been splendidly flourishing in these years since the war The lesson has shown itself in startling and devious ways. There have been quee "twists" of justice. There have been "cases" and "cases." And then one day the Governor of a New England State went through the torturing mental anguish of decision that three men should meet death in the electric chair. And then we mothers, of tiny lives as yet uncomprehending that there is a lack of beauty in the world, shed tears for the mothers of men, so lately boys, who paid their debt in the chair; but coexistent with our tea there was born relief in our hearts for t Governor who championed justice.

And then this other case. The case th flamed and flared across the world, a flaring, grew so red that the original ha pening, the murder of a man by men, w all but obliterated. And again we mothe of three-year-olds stood by and wonde —wondered painfully how the scales justice would swing. For we, in laughin awkward contrast to this flaming brand Edna Millay's, this brand with sincerity soul guaranteeing a literary immortalit deserved, we feared that justice lacked bravery to mete out sentence of death i the face of anarchy! But a Governor wen on the mental wrack again, and becaus we firmly believed that the men were being tried for crime rather than for opinions, we rejoiced at what we termed justice—and bravery.

The terrible sincerity of "Fear" com mands a deep respect. The world *is* "ugly "cruel," and it *has*, at times, "a lying face. We know these things, we elders, an shamefully youth knows them too. But t tiny ones, the three-year-olds, what is t future for them?

The sun has passed by the window, an the patch on the floor is gone. Now a little child creeps to my side. "Mum, will you help me build?"

Will I help him build? Oh, please God, yes!

Am I right in the stand that I take? Who can tell? A poetess can frame high words, but a common mind knows a stumbling way. I hesitate. But now there comes to me a vision—a vision of an honest man pacing his way to victory across his study floor.

"Mum, will you help me build?"

With the last wee drops of my strength. And to him some day I shall tell, to dispel some fear, a story of the bravery of a certain Governor of Massachusetts.

A MOTHER IN MAINE.

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